

Maclean's

Canada's

Weekly Newsmagazine

March 6, 2000 www.macleans.ca

**SPECIAL
REPORT
SHOULD
WE SELL
OUR
WATER?**



BLOOD SPORT

**When Marty
McSorley whacked
Donald Brashear,
he dealt a
devastating
blow to hockey**

.....

**A barbaric rite
of passage:
hazing in
university athletics**



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From the Editor

When hockey loses its respectability

For the past eight issues, this space has been devoted to health care. This week's lesson is only a modest diversion; it involves a life-threatening incident, a hospital emergency—and the failure of an institution that used to be part of the national fabric. We refer, of course, to the vicious stick-swinging assault by Boston Bruins enforcer Marty McSorley on his alter ego, left-winger Donald Brashear of the Vancouver Canucks, and the rapid response of the Boys' Own Court, the New York City-based National Hockey League.

Then, violence is to hockey what mayhem is to roller derby, which the NHL brand never closely resembles. And it has a long tradition. In the 1970s, the spine was personified by the Broad Street Bullies of Philadelphia. The Flyers were a rough crowd, on and off the ice. One night in St. Louis during a long Flyers road trip, I left the press box and stood behind the bench to get some colour. It was an ugly night. The team was out of control. There were fights and penalties and players spitting over the boards at the referee as he stood post. One enraged Flyer fired the puck at the official's head. Later,

they went off and got drunk in a bar.

Hockey has moved a long way from the heyday of the proverbial frozen pond. That, actually, is how many of us started playing the game. On the icy banks of the Yamaska River in Quebec's Eastern Townships you could skate for a mile with ice as smooth as the Forams. In those days, *Hockey Night in Canada* mostly featured skill, dexterity and dash—and, yes, the odd brawl.

The start of NHL expansion in 1967 was the beginning of the end. Today, with 28 teams, there are more arenas like 36-year-old McSorley (339 career points, 3,381 penalty minutes) staffing the arenas around North America. The enforcer has become a role player, some with \$1-million contracts. Increasingly, an NHL game features only two or three naturals and many imitations of clenching and grabbing.

Brashear, 28, was a member in good standing of the good squad (72 points, 1,278 penalty minutes), although his play improved markedly this season. At 2:09 of the first period in the game on Feb. 21, he lost McSorley in a fight. Naturally, McSorley tried to goad him into a rematch. That failed. For his part,

Brashear slotted by the Bruins bench and blood his nostrils in a rock to temple. Explicitly, McSorley was put on the ice as the game was ending, with Vancouver leading 5-2. Clearly, there was no purpose other than revenge. With a mere three seconds left, he swung his stick at Brashear's temple and the left-winger fell to the ice and started to convulse, blood pouring from his nose.

Autogradually, every player reacted as if the incident was just part of the game. Maple Leaf enforcer Tie Domi said, "When you're an emotional player and you're losing, sometimes you just snap." The NHL balked at its response—suspension for the rest of the season—in the toughest in its history. In fact, the league faked all of hockey. It should have banned McSorley for life. Tough measures are the only way the NHL will regain respectability. Imagine, we used to call it Our Game.

Robert Lewis

response@hockey.com or to comments on From the Editor



Newsroom Notes Blood on ice

Maclean's has written about hockey violence before, most recently in a Nov. 9, 1998, cover story called "Thugs on ice." But some subjects demand revisiting (page 46). Maclean's Sports Editor James Dawson, who wrote this week's cover story as well as the one in 1998, notes that nearly 400 incidents of single-player fights reflect so glaringly on the game. But the Marty McSorley incident was infamous in the NHL's rough-guy system. "When coaches put



O'Hara (left), Dawson, bloggers

enforcers out there in that situation," says Dawson, "they're creating the opportunity for something ugly to happen."

The cover package, overseen by Executive Editor Bob Lewis, also includes Senior Writer Jane O'Hara's look at the barbaric practice of hazing rookies in university sports and junior hockey.

A special report this week looks at the emotional question: should we sell our water to the United States (page 20)? Ottawa's Correspondent John Gidycz wrote the main story while Washington Editor Andrew Phillips examined Americans' unquenchable thirst for fresh water.

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Sikhs and stereotypes

I am appalled by your article "Sikh power" (Cover Feb. 21). How do you lump together 400,000 complex and

multicultural members of Parliament. Despite their ardent, you succumb to the media's temptation for racial stereotyping. In the past 100 years in Canada, only the last 15 have seen occasional incidents of violence against Sikhs, possibly no more than by any other significant community in Canada.

Sarah Shalla, Toronto



Disrupts a complex culture

dynamic Canadians with varying interests and associations, and argue they are "offering" their "muscle" even as they try to "shed a legacy of violence." The article elevates Sikhs in the eyes of other Canadians simply to then put them down. In one sentence we are "powerful," "bottom" face to be reckoned with in the next we are "vicious." "Innocent" and have links to "terrorist activity." In other words, Sikhs are troublemakers. I'll applaud the author only if they now write an equally inane story on white power in Canada. Maybe they can talk about English Canada's legacy of violence and persecution with respect to its aboriginal population.

Nancy K. Rose, Ottawa

Last year, the Canadian government commemorated 100 years of Sikh presence in this country by issuing a Sikh stamp. The Prime Minister pointed out that Canada was the only country in the Western world to have a Sikh cabinet

member and a renowned member of Parliament. Despite their ardent, you succumb to the media's temptation for racial stereotyping. In the past 100 years in Canada, only the last 15 have seen occasional incidents of violence against Sikhs, possibly no more than by any other significant community in Canada.

Sarah Shalla, Toronto

Your cover story shows how new Canadians are integrating in our multicultural society. The continuing metamorphosis of Canadian Sikhs has evolved over a century is worth an easy ride. They were subjected to bigotry and prejudice at every level of Canadian society. Like other minorities they have demonstrated that they need not abandon their heritage or identity in order to be good Canadians. Your otherwise excellent coverage neglected to mention the enormous contribution being made daily by the Sikhs and other Indo-Canadian entrepreneurs across Canada.

Taj Pal S. Thind, President, Canada-India Chamber of Commerce, Montreal

When I finished smiling, I did not feel empowered as a Sikh, I felt as though violence and terrorism were my legacy. It was also disappointing to see that the only important female Sikh you could find, besides Monika Dool, was Gurm Raj Kaur Khosla who is a niece of Indian descent ("An ascent adhering to Sikhism").

Savinder Bhogal, Toronto

Rather than laud the contributions of Sikhs to the enlargement of Canadian

Border security

The column "Unwanted attention" (Andrew Phillips, Feb. 14) correctly reported that American perceptions of our northern border has changed. It is an increasingly dangerous place for citizens of both our countries due to drug and alien smugglers, and terrorists. But the column neglected to mention the technology that is becoming available to implement new border security checks in a way that does not significantly disrupt trade, tourism or other legitimate cross-border traffic. Mutual problems call for mutual solutions. The United States and Canada can address both border security concerns and the need for expedient legitimate crossings.

Lamar Smith, Member of Congress for the 21st District (Texas), Washington

identity and politics, as your pictures of prominent Sikhs would have to believe, you turn to describing the "Sikh issue" in Canadian society. How typical of the established-order media to discredit and resist real change.

Kate L.M. Agard, Professor of Race and Ethnic Relations, Management University College, Kelowna, B.C.

The byzantine mix of politics, religion and terrorism that you described in your article is very frightening. It is true (and I hope it is not) that this is not the British Columbia I moved to over 30 years ago.

Ken Hagan, Kelowna, B.C.

The best and worst

Regarding Robert Lewis's editorial "Why Canada needs more doctors" (Feb. 7), I am a second-year nursing student in Saskatchewan and I am having a hard time justifying staying in Canada after I graduate. With many nurses in Canada working part time, median annual earnings have declined from \$36,876 in 1980 to \$31,200 in 1997. When will the different levels of government realize that they have made a mistake implementing all the funding cuts to both health care and to

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Edited by Anthony Wilson-Smith
With Shonda Dineen

Over and Under Achievers

Zap! PM job tricks

Hocus-focuss, let's all focus: magical PM makes jobs appear, disappear!

- ◆ **Prince Andrew:** For 60th birthday, co-wife hosts party and five co-girlfriends attend. That's what you call a real prince charming.
- ◆ **Jean Charest:** The Amazing PM makes jobs vanish—and reappear elsewhere: after *Illec Québec* MP gets federal employment grant for local factory, he discovers—*poof!*—the plant has moved to PM's office.
- ◆ **Paul Martin:** The less he does and says during Gosselin controversy, the more he looks prime ministerial. Now, it's budget time: show us the money.
- ◆ **Darve Conger:** She was shocked—shocked!

Kidsgate: how to break the code

Some current in-phrases—and what they mean in translation:



TV's *Buffy the Vanquish Slayer* opens her of new words as usual.

My dad: my mistake, as in, "I didn't know that you're your boyfriend—my dad!" It's all good: kids, things are fine, as in, "There's enough beer for everyone, it's all good!"

Kill: perfect for each other, as in "Julia, you and Justin *kill* on each other!"

Molestest: couples groping each other in public places, as in "Those molestest over there should get a room."

Fly: cool, as in, "That coat is a fly!"

Dope: a synonym for "fly," as in, "That's a dope ride (car)!"

Slick: (pronounced "slitlick") something outrageously good, as in, "Those platform shoes are slick!"

Whack: something or someone decidedly uncool, as in, "My parents, they're just so whack!"



Prince Andrew, Martin, Shonda: all three of them shine brightly, but it's women who rule around!

when her new husband actually loved her on Fox TV's *Wife Wars* to *Merry a Multi-millionaire*? After all, everybody knows TV isn't real.

- ◆ **CanCon:** Three Canadian singers—Sarah McLachlan, Diana Krall and Shania Twain—win Grammy. Our women rule!
- ◆ **The NHL:** National Hockey League. With three less approach to violence, the pro game's officials are making it a sport to die for—literally.

Junk Watch

Here's another reason for fast-food junkie Jean Charest to declare Canada the world's best country: you can junk out more cheaply here than many other places. Runtelmeier International, a Wisconsin-based research group, measured the cost of fast food around the world, using Los Angeles as the standard. For every American buck you spend on a cheeseburger, fries and soft drink there, you'll spend \$1.63 in Copenhagen—the most expensive location—and 44 cents in Rio de Janeiro, the cheapest. Toronto, the Canadian city measured, comes in at 96 cents. That means a combo trio that would cost you five bucks in Los Angeles will set you back more than \$6 in Copenhagen—and \$4.30 in Toronto.

How the minister, please, prime minister



Overheard

Go or no?

Where does Brian Tobin fit in the undecided race to replace Jean Charest? A year ago, says a key organizer, he declared he was not interested. Now, some Lib-cruds wonder if he's changed his mind. One sign came in January: Tobin, who is taking French lessons, made a speech in Ottawa defending medicare and taking shots at corporate Canada and likely contender Allan Rock and Paul Martin.

Liberal insiders say Tobin may be encouraged by Charest's insistence he will run again. That would beat Martin, 61, and Belp Ruck, 52, and Tobin, 45. But more agree that it is a race today. Tobin would be a connector. A poor networker, he has no grassroots in place. And his headline stance with Inco Ltd. over the Volney's Bay, Labrador, nickel deposit infuriated corporate Canada. "Brian looks like the kind of guy it's impossible to make a deal with," lamented a prominent Grit with strong links in the business community. And politics is the art of doing just that.

John DeMaaz



Nobis: the girl of the hour

White House Watch

Hail Routine!

Last week, CBC's *The Hour* hit 22 million viewers in Canada, Mich., to attend a rally for Republican candidate George W. Bush. The visit was part of one of their favourite rituals—honouring American ignorance about Canada. Rick Meese, pointing at a request to tell three people—Michigan Gov. John Engler, his secretary of state, Candice Miller, and Bush—about Prime Minister Jean Charest endorsed Bush candidacy. Miller called the prime minister "a very smart man" for that, and Engler said he showed "very good judgment." Then came an exchange with Bush—who merely flustered a snob host's test on his knowledge of foreign affairs.

Meese: "Mr. Bush, a question from Canada."
Bush: "What about it?"
Meese: "Prime Minister Jean Charest says you look like the man to lead the free world into the 21st century. What do you think?"
Bush: "I'm honoured. I appreciate his strong statement. He understands our belief in free trade. He understands I want to ensure our relationship with our most important neighbour to the north of us. Canadians, it's strong. We will work closely together."
The episode airs this week.



Morse: question from Canada

Overbites

"Canada can sometimes be annoying. Their celebrities are getting too celebrated (Peter Jennings, Dan Aykroyd, Alvin Karpis), Canadian food is terrible. Did you ever hear anybody say 'Honey, let's send out for some Canadian food'? Their skirts are too white, jackets too tight, etc."
—Helen Gurley Brown in her new book *I'm Not A Girl, Snippets From My Life and a Few Broom Thoughts*

"Health Canada is warning the public not to consume Gedco Liquid Herbal Tea Mix, commonly used and promoted as an 'energizer.' Gedco Liquid Herbal Tea Mix comes in a clear plastic box, containing various plant and animal materials individually wrapped in cellophane."

—Public warning issued last week by Health Canada

Over There

Life amidst strife

Frederickson native Cony Levine now works in strife-torn Kosovo for the Organization for Security and Co-operation in Europe. Recently home on leave, she described day-to-day life in the region and some of the people she has met:

Communication is a large problem. The best way to contact my colleagues from the United Nations, who may be working those buildings again, is to call by satellite phone to a number in New York and ask to be patched through to their connection.

For New Year's, I went to a farmer's market in the south of Kosovo. It was in a Serbian enclave. In this tiny enclave there is this sense of urgency, but underneath you know there can't be. People can't visit friends and relatives in other places in Kosovo unless they have a lot of protection. The UN runs a shuttle bus between Serb enclaves. This service

started the latest round of mourning and a UN bus was fired upon and three Serbs were killed.

For elderly Serbs, it is very difficult. A Kosovar Albanian lawyer had been helping an elderly woman sell her flat so she could move to Serbia. The 70-year-old woman was being constantly harassed—sooner thrown at her windows, banging on her doors and one night, upon scared, she called the lawyers who came over. While they were sitting there, masked men all dressed in black broke into the apartment. They took the man away to the outdoors, beat him and threatened him saying what are you doing helping a Serb? The woman disappeared and she hasn't been seen since, which is very common.

As for the future, I don't think we can come easily to a democratic, unified multistate Kosovo. It will take a long time to achieve that.



Levine enclaves are the worst off

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Overture

PASSAGES



Charles Fipke

Divorcing: After 33 years of marriage, geologist Charles Fipke, 58, and Marcie Fipke, 52, of Kelowna, B.C., agreed on a divorce settlement that will give her the equivalent of \$125 million in shares—a controlling interest of 21 per cent of Dia Mir Diamonds Ltd., which owns part of the Ekati diamond mine in the Northwest Territories. It is believed to be the richest divorce settlement in Canadian history.

Awarded: Canadian authors Shauna Singh Baldwin and Jeffery Moore won awards in regional competition for the Commonwealth Writers Prize. Montreal-born Singh Baldwin, now living in Milwaukee, won best-novel honours in the Caribbean-Caribbean region for *What the Body Remembers*. Moore, of Montreal, won the regional prize for best first book for *Proseur in a Red-Rose Chain*.

Arrested: Tonya Harding, 26, of Carson, Wash., the disgraced former U.S. Olympic figure skater, pleaded innocent to a neighbourhood sexual charge after allegedly attacking her boyfriend's face with a hockey. Harding was banned for life from amateur skating when she was found to have lured a probe of a 1994 attack on rival Nancy Kerrigan.

Died: Sir Stanley Matthews, 85, was one of England's most beloved soccer players. He was capped 51 times for England, and is best remembered for his performance in the 1953 FA Cup final, when he set up three goals in the final 20 minutes to lead his team, Blackpool, back from a 3-1 deficit. Former prime minister Harold Wilson once called Matthews "a symbol of English sportsmanship in the days when that was a quality acknowledged worldwide." He

lived in Burlington, Ont., in the 1980s and briefly played for the Toronto City of the Eastern Canadian Professional Soccer League near the end of his career. He died in Newcastle-under-Lyme, England, five days after a fall.

Died: Anatoly A. Sobchak, 62, one of the former Soviet Union's best-known reformers, became the first elected mayor of St. Petersburg (then called Leningrad) in 1991. He helped draft Russia's constitution, and gave rising president Vladimir V. Putin his start in public life. After years of conspiracy troubles, Sobchak died in Svetlogorsk of a heart attack.

Died: Jessica Barrett Lamb, 80, was a writer, author and newspaper publisher whose 1964 editorial in the *Ottawa Daily Citizen* & Free Press, entitled "The Canada I Love: An Unfavourable Testament," has been reprinted in 750 publications. Lamb wrote movingly of his war experience in his book *The Governor May*. He died of cancer in Delta, B.C.

Died: Composer Violet Archer, 86, was a renowned educator, theorist and pianist. Born in Montreal, she studied at McGill and Yale universities, taught in the United States and spent four decades at the University of Alberta. She composed works based on French-Canadian, Newfoundland, Nova Scotian and Inuit folk songs. A pianist, Canadian, she was appointed a member of the Order of Canada in 1983, and once said: "The biggest and severest of my landscape sometimes influenced my sound pictures." Archer represented Canada last year at the Women in Music International Conference Festival in Piacenza, Italy. She died in Ottawa.

Died: Lt.-Gen. W.A.B. Anderson, 86, spent more than four decades in the Canadian military, and served as army commander from 1966 to 1969. His father and uncle were generals in the First World War, and he began as a cadet at 13. A staunch proponent of bilingualism, he played a key role in the unification of the armed forces. He died in Ottawa of heart failure.



Anthony Wilson-Smith

All the news unfit to print

Almost every journalist who has covered federal politics has lived through what might be called The Election Experiment. It goes like this: shortly before an election campaign, the editor in charge vows this time "to cover things differently." Then comes a debate about whether to allow party leaders on a daily basis, in order to avoid too many horse-race stories about how candidates are doing at the expense of more issue-related analysis, followed by intense soliciting and outlining novel feature ideas. It ends with the ringing conclusion "we will not follow the pack." Once the campaign begins, that conviction lasts as long as it takes to realize that it's lonely when you ignore news everyone else is covering. Which days—or hours—of the old grid.

In journalism, as elsewhere, the concept of originality is often more popular than the reality. Parliament Hill is a chilly place, where reporters identify more with each other and the people they cover than with their employers in other cities. It's the domestic version of "going native"—reporters arrive in Ottawa feeling lost, mean, and vowing not to be subverted by the system. But soon, they become just like everyone else in the city—wearing, fried, knitted ties and sensible shoes, peering for free on Parliament Hill and sneaking about the museum filled upon them by their home offices.

The hardest challenge for editors always lies in getting political reporters to report more—never mind all—of what they know. The tacit rule reporters learn is usually offered by sources off record, not for attribution, and, perhaps, on condition that it not be used at all. A good reporter will examine the motive for disclosure: if it's for revenge or career advancement, it should be suspect—and those are the most common reasons for a leak. That's why reporters usually talk a better story in private than they actually produce when you don't have to let the facts get in the way.

It's not unknown for Jean Chrétien to solicit reporters privately to discuss issues—on condition that they never publicly acknowledge that the exchange took place. That suits journalists, because they can still tell their bosses it happened, and demonstrate how well wired they are. And it satisfies the Prime Minister because a journalist is more likely to state the P.M.'s case sympathetically after such an exchange. There are public relations advisers who build careers out of knowing which journalists are likely to give clients a sympathetic hearing. Access often rewards John McCain gets more favourable coverage than George W. Bush in the Republican presidential primaries because McCain makes himself available to reporters, while Bush stays inside a cocoon of staff.

To guard against its reporters becoming too much a part of the system, *The Toronto Star* replaces its parliamentary bureau

every four or five years. Roy MacGregg, one of Canada's top journalists, used to say the best advice he'd ever heard was from an editor who told him to write about Parliament Hill as if he were about to leave the place for the last time that night—and had no consequences to fear. Another old newspaper editor used to say the ideal period to spend on the Hill is three years, which breaks down into "one year to make contacts, one to use 'em—and a year to burn them, just before you ship town." As tough as that sounds, there's a measure of truth in it. A reporter's job is to assemble the most information possible, and decide how to best use it. Sometimes, that can mean offending people.

After a while on the Hill, it can be hard to tell the difference between what's commonplace and what's a story. Recently, *Sunday Night* magazine invested significant money, effort and space in a cover story in which their writer—seasoned in the business but new to the Hill—discovered that political aides don't like to talk on record, and that Paul Martin feels awkward discussing leadership bids with his boss still around. Those are no-brainers to anyone who follows politics. But lots of people don't, so maybe a pointer—even such an overtypical, overheard one—a useful. Surely, it's no coincidence that rancid coverage of the Liberals' Greenpeace spending controversy has broken down on generational lines. Veterans columnist like Hugh Winsor and Jeff Simpson at *The Globe and Mail* have been gentle over the government's spending and accounting practices. At the same time, the *Globe's* news stories by staff reporters and editors have been much tougher. Divisive as it is, *Globe* often regarded as a Liberal organ—but not in this instance. Still, the leader in the new-look-on-the-block *National Post*, which increasingly sees the Hill's agenda. Two years ago, before the *Post* would Greenpeace have registered on the public radar?

The fact that some leading journalists have sharply different views on the seriousness of the controversy helps give readers perspective. It's also a sign that the follow-the-pack nature of Hill reporting is changing. There used to be a tradition that members of the press gallery would not criticize each other publicly. But a while ago, Paul columnist Paul Wells swiped at Toronto Star columnist Chantal Hébert for something she wrote. Recently, Simpson took after an old friend, Southern News columnist Lawrence Martin—though he did not directly name him—for his Greenpeace coverage. Martin promptly issued a suit apply. Perhaps they're all reuniting the status of the newspaper war. Or perhaps the heat and diversity at a microcosm of the debate over Greenpeace and other things political taking place among regular Canadians. Either way, as a reader, he glad.

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Peter C. Newman

Canada's comic relief

When I was editor of this magazine a couple of decades ago, I would meet regularly with my senior staff, just before finalizing the story mix for the next issue. Almost invariably, one of them would suggest that the lineup of stories was too serious, that we should lighten up, include a touch of the absurd. Nothing more needed to be said. We all understood that meant assigning a story on B.C. politics.

Unlike most Canadians, who still comfort themselves with writings of faith in the political process, British Columbians have long since opted out of party politics and transferred their trust to special interest groups. The reason is simple: recent party leaders have blurred the distinction between entertainment and public policy. The erratic Social Credit premier Bill Vander Zalm's operational code was best described as "Ready? Fire! Aim!" The past four years of Glen Clark's thug-like rule have featured such monstrous boondoggles as wasting \$463 million on impossible fist fights, spending \$73 million on a Vancouver convention centre that was never built, and running the province's finances into the ground, with this year's deficit running at \$4.4 billion. That will have to be added to the previous \$2.3 billion in overspending by Clark since he took office in 1996.

No wonder the province's voters regard politicians as fools and scoundrels, necessary evils to be avoided and ridiculed but never respected. Part of the problem is the necessity of most British Columbians, who never know whether the rain that almost constantly pooshes from the sky is a sign that God is trying to cleanse the province of its sins, or snark it over to us. Vancouver is aptly described as being 2,800 square kilometres, surrounded by reality. Its inhabitants expend most of their energy trying to get in touch with their inner child, and screaming someone out loud to make sure they're properly grounded.

The average dweller of Canada's Pacific province is not very Canadian, if that means being willing to compromise while living a scrupulous life that's as pleasant as it can be under the circumstances. The perception of less militant provinces aside the harshness of rapidly changing social and political trends by stifling policy and legislation is solidly their held on the middle ground of public opinion. But B.C. politics has no middle ground. It's mayhem all the way.

That makes for strange politics, particularly since last week's bitter NDP convention split that party wide open. Ujjal Dosanjh was the best of a bad lot, but the socialists will keep rating each other apart as they did during the past six months of leadership campaigning. Into this mayhem now steps Gordon Campbell, the province's Liberal leader. Campbell

seems vaguely out of place and time, since he will believe that good deeds are their own reward and that traditional honesty has a place in the absurdity that has become B.C. politics.

That's a tough gig.

In British Columbia, being a Liberal doesn't mean being liberal. Campbell's party has no link with Jean Chrétien's government. Indeed, the Campbell agenda smacks more of Ralph Klein's conservative approach. Campbell is less interested in ideology than trying to heal the damage of the NDP's decade-long slash-and-burn treatment of the province's economy. He is promising to drastically reduce personal income taxes from the highest to the lowest in the country, to protect property rights, balance the budget, and pass Truth-in-Budgeting legislation, which is a novel idea in these latitudes. An interesting pledge is Campbell's intention to do away with cabinet secrecy by holding some ministerial meetings in public, simultaneously televised on the legislative channel and broadcast live on the Internet.

Campbell's main liability is the well-scrubbed establishment image he projects. While he grew up in Port Grey, one of Vancouver's tiny districts, that luxurious interlude ended at age 13 when his father, a prominent physician, committed suicide, leaving his mother with four children to raise. The family moved into a one-room apartment, supported by the mother's earnings as a school secretary. People who don't know him still believe that he lives in a mansion. Actually, it's a modest house with a 16-m frontage. "Is that the mansion?" asked a disbelieving taxi driver who picked him up for a Helix flight to Victoria recently.

Why the odds of his winning are so favourable is that Campbell has been able, since the last election, to put together a powerful anti-NDP coalition that has linked his Liberals with Federal Reformers, Gains and Tories, as well as remnants of the provincial Social Credit and Reform parties, including past MLAs, candidates and party presidents. It has become a viable coalition as the former political marriages that united this province under the Second bid for 36 of the past 48 years.

"Every once in a while," Gordon Campbell told me during an interview just before the NDP convention, "you get the chance to really transform how institutions work, and I know we can do it. There's a real opportunity for dramatic change to be made because the public is ready for us to act. They're screaming we'll necessarily like it when you do it—it's just has to be done. We must reverse the flight from politics as an honourable profession, and get good people involved again."

Yes, it's time for British Columbia to stop being the national comic relief.



After a tough, divisive leadership campaign, can Ujjal Dosanjh save British Columbia's beleaguered New Democratic Party?

Dosanjh with wife, Rosevinder, running well behind the Liberals and trying to heal his party

Polls taken just before the NDP leadership race showed the B.C. Liberals with a clear majority. An Angus Reid Group study at the beginning of December reported that 57 per cent of the B.C. public would never vote NDP regardless of who the leader is. "There are real challenges the NDP faces in getting back as core support," says David Scott, senior vice-president at Angus Reid. "They've had two successive mandates and the last two NDP premiers have resigned in disgrace. Why should people give them another chance?"

The crowning problem for the beleaguered NDP has been the government's perceived mismanagement of the economy. Glen Clark, vice-president of policy with the Business Council of B.C., says British Columbians are weary of losing business to booming Alberta and seeing their disposable incomes decline. "The NDP doesn't want to follow the economic strategies of Harris and Klein, but those two ministers are kicking ours around the block," he says. The business malaise can only help Liberal Leader Gordon Campbell's bid for power. But Mike George, a political analyst at Borden, George & Associates, a government and media relations firm, says Campbell still needs to offer a distinct vision. "It's not good enough to stand back and say we're the alternative, we're not Glen Clark," George says. "Campbell has started to lay out plans and policies, but he needs to do more of that." Campbell allows that he must "put out a positive agenda for change" and guarantee balanced budgets, personal income tax cuts and support for free enterprise. His first move, however, is to ladder the new premier as calling an election—immediately. His argument: "We have to restore people's trust in government."

Dosanjh, however, is refusing to bow to such demands, saying he needs time to show his leadership will be radically different from Clark's, and from the vision Campbell offers. The NDP's mandate ends in June, 2001, although Dosanjh told *Maclean's* there could be a fall election. "People are looking for a government that listens and is less confrontational," he says. Recently, Dosanjh has been relying heavily on Harcourt to provide advice about the makeup of the new cabinet and the development of new policies—likely to include better day-care access and perhaps tax breaks for low- and middle-income earners. The top priority is passing together a palatable budget for the end of March, one that will calm

the business community while appealing to the NDP's core support. "If Ujjal is able to demonstrate he has more integrity and honesty," says Harcourt, "I think we can regain a modicum of trust with the electorate."

The cabinet will be announced this week and will include Dosanjh's leadership contenders Corby Evans, Joy MacPhail and Gordon Wilson, as well as other familiar faces such as Paul Ramsey, Dan Miller and Penny Priddy. Knitting his party together will be one of Dosanjh's primary concerns. He has been warned by some advisers not to put his gamutous nervous, Mac Shota, back in cabinet. Shota, who has been locked out of cabinet twice before, worked assiduously against Dosanjh's leadership bid, and he and Glen Clark even suggested they would not support a Dosanjh-led government. But Joy MacPhail claims the acronym has been laid to rest. "At the end of the day, Shota and Clark are New Democrats," she says, adding she is convinced Dosanjh can ease his predecessor's strained legacy. "I think Ujjal's style of leadership will be so different that Glen Clark's face will be forgotten."

Odd as it may seem to outsiders, there are glimmers of hope for the New Democrats. "I totally believe the personality of the new premier will be a significant element in the dynamic," says political analyst and former independent MLA David Mitchell, who notes that Dosanjh's reputation as a prudent politician will be a significant element in winning back the NDP support. "Gordon Campbell is going to have to change his tactics to deal with him," Mitchell says. "He's been conditioned for gutter matches against punky dogs like Clark. But now he's not confronting Gough Khan, he's confronting Mahatma Gandhi, a political opponent who doesn't like confrontation." A poll by McLaughlin & Murray Research just before the NDP convention suggested leadership could drop from 50 per cent to 42 per cent and the NDP move up from 21 per cent to 29 per cent—narrowing the gap to only 13 percentage points if an election was called. "The B.C. public does have some tolerance for scandal," says Barb Janssen, a partner in the research firm. "If Dosanjh can rebuild the party, the NDP has some potential to win." Even Liberal Leader Campbell believes the next election will not be headed to him as a gladiator. "There are a lot of people who emotionally support the NDP," he says, "and they've been looking for an excuse to go back."

This is, of course, exactly what Dosanjh hopes for. "We need to be honest with people and give them the straight goods," he says. "We need to re-ignite a sense of trust." Most of all, he and his party need to pray that when British Columbians next go to the polls, much will be forgiven and long forgotten. ■

Canada

Survival Games

By Jennifer Hunter in Vancouver

Ujjal Dosanjh is tired. Finding time to snatch a few hours of sleep has been difficult for British Columbia's new premier. Celebrities have attacked the country's first Indo-Canadian provincial leader and everyone wants five minutes of his time. There has been a deluge of phone calls from Canadians and U.S. reporters, and journalists as far away as Germany, India and Britain; none of his new job has made the front page of *The Times of India*, the subcontinent's largest English daily. Prime Minister Jean Chretien has phoned with greetings, and he federal cabinet members such as Health Minister Allan Rock. The chief minister of the Punjab—the equivalent of premier—has also called to relay his congratulations. "I feel quite happy, but nervous at the same time," says Dosanjh, 52. "It's obviously a very challenging position and there are many issues to contend with."

That is putting it mildly. Over the past five years, the NDP has been disgraced by one scandal after another: the previ-

ous premier, Glen Clark, is still under investigation by the RCMP and the province's conflict-of-interest commission over the granting of a charity casino license. Just week, the recipient of that license, Damaris Plantation, pleaded guilty to being a fraud—in at a common gaming house. There was also deception about the health of the provincial budget and a decade of budget deficits, while initiatives such as the four firms megaproject have become financial liabilities, and the vicious scuttling within the NDP during the leadership race further eroded public confidence in the party. Even with a scrupulous new steward, many wonder if the NDP can even dream about being re-elected. "It's a tall mountain to climb," allows former premier Mike Harcourt, who resigned in 1995 over the so-called Broughton scandal. "People are angry as as. They want to kick the NDP's butt."

Some even believe the NDP could be wiped out in the next election. "It's not a far, it's a fact," says Harcourt. "It could happen."

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Ted Hughes, head of the RCMP Public Complaints Commission inquiry into security at the November, 1997, AFEC summit in Vancouver, said he would not subpoena Prime Minister Jean Chrétien to testify. But Hughes issued an "invitation" to the Prime Minister to appear before the inquiry. At the summit, civil rights protesters were pepper-sprayed and harassed, and some critics have alleged the Prime Minister's Office was involved in planning such action.

Loosening the purse strings

Alberta Treasurer Snodgrass Day tabled a 2000-2001 provincial budget that boosted government spending by 9.3 per cent to \$17.7 billion. Among the recipients of the government's new largesse will be the province's beleaguered health-care system, heavily hit during the Tory government's successful war on the deficit, and education. Even with the increase in spending, Day still hoped to post a \$713-million surplus, largely thanks to booming oil and gas revenues.

Farm aid from Ottawa

Prime Minister Jean Chrétien announced a new \$490-million onetime relief package for farmers in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. Of that, Ottawa will supply \$240 million, and the provinces the remainder. The money comes as part of the \$1 billion in emergency relief over two years the government already committed in January to farmers across Canada. Some critics denounced the funding as a "joke," saying much more was needed.

Bigger schools

Universities and colleges in Ontario will expand under a \$1.4-billion capital construction program, announced last week by the provincial government. Institutions in the Toronto area will receive more than half of the new funding. Education Minister Diane Cunningham said more than 50 per cent of the province's postsecondary students come to Toronto, with that trend expected to grow over the next decade. More of the funding will be targeted towards science and the high-tech fields.

Canada Notes



A Quebec youth summit opens with a bang

Police fired tear gas while dodging Molotov cocktails thrown by demonstrators as a three-day Quebec City youth summit opened last Tuesday. The rioters began what people gathered to hold a counter-summit to the provincial government-organized event, leading to a clash with police. Some youth groups had complained that young people weren't adequately represented.

Taking aim at Liberal spending

Human Resources Minister Jane Stewart released 10,000 pages of documents detailing grants distributed by her department over three years. But even that failed to quell the opposition outcry over dubious federal spending. From last week's massive pile of documents stood out a \$265,584 job-creation grant earmarked for a Bloc Québécois riding that somehow ended up going to a textile plant established near Shawinigan. Prime Minister Jean Chrétien's home town. Stewart could only say, when pressed

to explain, that officials were looking into the switch.

The bid by all opposition parties to turn the attack from Stewart to bigger game—including Chrétien and Finance Minister Paul Martin—is expected to continue this week. Reform Leader Preston Manning vowed notice that he will try to link the funding uproar to the federal budget. Manning contends that Ottawa wastes "up to \$13 billion a year on boondoggie spending," leaving a few more to pay for six cuts. But Martin is clearly hoping the tax relief he is now able to offer in the new era of budgetary aspirations will deflect attention from the way the government spends.

A homicide at Sick Kids hospital

The death of a 10-year-old girl at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children was ruled a homicide by a coroner's inquest jury. Lisa Shore died in 1998 after being admitted for severe leg pain due to an earlier fracture. She was given morphine, and her doctor instructed nurses to monitor her vital signs. They neglected to do so and Shore died hours later, with the cause of death believed to be the mixing of morphine with other drugs. Her parents, Sharon and Bill, have demanded a police investigation and public inquiry—a coroner's jury cannot assess blame.

SHOULD CANADA SELL ITS MOST PRECIOUS RESOURCE?

WATER WARS

By John Gorklen

They are an unlikely class of political provocateurs: the water entrepreneurs. In Vancouver, fast-talkers with dreams of getting in on the ground floor of a 21st-century boom once touted their plans for taking pure British Columbia mountain water in tankers to California. Shut down by a B.C. government unwilling to allow bulk exports, some still dream of

shipping Alaskan glacier meltwater by the tankerful to Asia. In Newfoundland, a construction company owner from Gander flew his plane over a pristine lake and pondered the money that might flow if that crystalline water could somehow be sold in, say, wealthy Middle Eastern oil kingdoms. After making it over, the province turned down his proposal last year. And in Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., a business consultant envisioned shipping Lake Superior water all the way out the St. Lawrence Seaway to the Atlantic Ocean and on to slake the thirsts of unspecified Asian markets.

This last visionary was John Febbraro, president of a little firm called the Nova Group Ltd. Like the would-be water salesman on the Pacific and Atlantic coasts, he was also thwarted in the end by a provincial ban last year. But Febbraro's application to remove Lake Superior water, filed with the Ontario ministry of the environment back in early 1998, made him a significant footnote in the on-again, off-again debate about whether export schemes jeopardize Canada's long-term water supply. Experts in water economics were deeply skeptical about the money-making potential of his proposal to haul water in bulk

Lake Superior: a powerful mythology for Canadians

from the heart of the continent to the high seas. Yet so powerful is the mythology of water for Canadians that Novik's sketchy business plan raised howls of protest—and sent politicians and policy mindbenders in both Canada and the United States scrambling for dry ground.

The main result of the anxious reaction is slated to be made public on March 15: a sweeping report from the International Joint Commission on protecting the Great Lakes. Febbraro still seems taken aback by what he set in motion, and by the controversy he unexpectedly achieved. Still, with a business display of the positive thinking shared by many irremediable environmentalists, he declares the whole experience well worth it. All the fine publicity, he says, has left the desk of his office in the Sault heaped with new joint-venture proposals. As for the environmentalists and economic nationalists who portrayed him as the advance man for an all-out corporate assault on Canada's most precious resource, well, Febbraro does not hold a grudge. "Maybe everybody made me out to be the

bad guy," he says. "But at least I was a catalyst for the governments taking this stuff seriously."

Federal officials, too, are trying to look on the bright side. Sure, they would rather the whole emotion-packed issue of water exports would just evaporate. But since Novik's proposal stirred things up, Ottawa is hoping the IJC—the venerable Canada-U.S. agency that manages boundary waters between the two countries—can settle them back down again with its report. Beyond the IJC's work, federal agencies hope attention will soon shift from the peculiarly Canadian preoccupation with exports to deeper thinking about solving the developing world's shortages. Thousands of water experts and politicians will converge on The Hague from March 17 to 22 for the World Water Forum, an ambitious conference partly spearheaded by veteran Canadian forgers and official Ally Shady. He says the aim is no less than to forge a global consensus around averting a water crisis that could decimate and, underdeveloped swaths of the globe in this century.

But for now, it is the water exports issue that has provoked

'Water is no different than fish or forests. If we don't war sell, we can decide that.'

Liberal squaring. Consider Foreign Affairs Minister Lloyd Axworthy's position. Back in his opposition days, he personally eased the spectre of a U.S. threat to Canada's water sovereignty as part of the Liberal campaign against free trade. These days, Axworthy heads a department whose own experts blareney about that view. So does the IJC in an interim version of its upcoming report, released last August, it dismissed the idea that the North American Free Trade Agreement might someday force Canada to allow huge water exports. It said the experts it consulted were "not aware of any provisions of international trade law that would prevent Canada and the United States from taking measures to protect their water resources and preserve the integrity of the Great Lakes Basin ecosystem."

That may satisfy most trade lawyers, but never Masade Barlow, the anti-free-trade firebrand who chairs the left-leaning Council of Canadians. Barlow has made water his latest crusade. Last year, she published "Blue Gold," a 46-page call to arms whose subtitle, "The Global Water Crisis and the Commodification of the World's Water Supply," signals Barlow's underlying concern, that water is coming to be viewed as a trade commodity like any other. She says the IJC has cowardly avoided a frank examination of the trade-law issue, out of deference to governments it answers to in Ottawa and Washington—both staunchly committed to free trade.

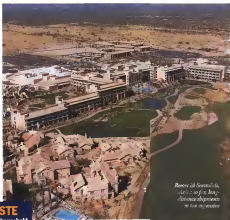
"What the IJC is trying to do is take steps to limit the ability of water to be sold," she told *Maclean's*, "without admitting what they view as a political problem—maybe an insurmountable political problem."

The legal opinion Barlow relies on to make her case was written by Steven Shrybman, a lawyer who is executive director of the West Coast Environmental Law Association. Shrybman's starting point is that water in its natural state is defined as a tradable good under NAFTA and World Trade Organization rules, both of which are based on the global General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, which mentions water. He goes on to argue that the principle of "national treatment"—the backbone letter

of international trade law that prevents countries from favoring their own domestic companies over foreign corporations—then kicks in. His conclusion is that since Canadian governments already allow water to be used domestically in countless cases for industrial and commercial purposes, the same rights must be extended to foreign investors seeking access to Canada's water for export. "Unfortunately, rather than

recognize and confront these problems directly," Shrybman writes, "the federal government seems to be hoping that if it ignores them, they'll go away."

None of the trade experts who appeared before IJC hearings fell far from the issue agreed with Shrybman. One of the most eloquent, Donald McRae, a professor of international law at the University of Ottawa, says the safest way to see



Peace River dam, British Columbia, is a big long-distance agreement in the making.

that trade deals cannot force Canada to sacrifice control over water is to look at the way other natural resources are treated. "The trade agreements regulate trade—they don't tell us that we have to allow people to catch our fish or cut down our trees," he points out.

"Water is no different than fish or forests. If we decide that we don't want to export it all, then we can decide that. The decision is for us to make. The WTO and NAFTA don't decide resource policy for us."

Barlow contends that the only reason Canada's regulations of other natural resources are still intact—more than a decade after the original Canada-U.S. free-trade agreement came

into force—is because foreign companies have not yet got around to taking aim at them. "We say that there probably are challenges that haven't happened yet," she asserts. "This is a whole burgeoning area that is only beginning to be explored by lawyers." And once those challenges are launched by foreign corporations eager to get unencumbered access to Canadian resources, including water, the products made dispute-resolution panels set up under NAFTA or the WTO will prove unsympathetic to Canada's environmental concerns. "The people who make the decisions are generally trade bureaucrats—true believers who think everything is a trade issue," Barlow says.

Such deep-seated suspicion of the global trade regimes—the same distrust that fuelled last year's anti-WTO riots in Seattle—is not going away anytime soon. A year ago, though, Ottawa announced a three-part strategy designed at least to take the edge off the anxiety when it came to water. The first step was to ask the IJC to report on the issue. The second was to introduce amendments to the International Boundary Waters Treaty Act prohibiting bulk water removals from the Great Lakes and other lakes and rivers along the U.S. border. The third, and trickiest, element was to try to

coax the provinces—whose jurisdiction over resources gives them the lead role in regulating the use of water—into joining a Canada-wide accord prohibiting bulk transfers from Canadian watersheds, even if the water was to stay within Canada. As usual, reaching a federal-provincial consensus was far from simple. In moving last fall in Kamloops, Alta., all four western provinces and Quebec refused to sign on to Ottawa's proposal. Still, that does not mean they are eager to export. In fact, British Columbia, Alberta and Quebec already had plans in place, while Manitoba was in the process of adopting its own. Disagreement swirls around details of Ottawa's strategy, not the main objective.

Why not simply impose a federal export ban and be done

Quenching the Southwest's thirst

There's an old saying in the American West, whiskey is for drunks!—water is for fighters. And fight they do—even now. Throughout the seven largely arid states drained by the 2,300-km Colorado River, the allocation of scarce water is a constant bone of contention. For almost 80 years, the waters of the Colorado basin have been shared among the states and Mexico according to a carefully balanced formula. Now, though, the region's explosive growth is putting new pressure on that arrangement, and pitting thirsty southwestern states against each other.

To outsiders, it seems a miracle that such a dry region can support some of the fastest-growing cities in the United States, along with lush golf courses and water-guzzling farms. The populations of six of the western states watered by the Colorado River—Colorado, Utah, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona and California—are soaring (the exception is slow-growing Wyoming). Metropolitan Phoenix, Ariz., has grown by 31 per cent, to 2.9 million, in the 1990s alone. Las Vegas has grown even more quickly—an astonishing 55 per cent, to 1.3 million, in the same period. The surprise is that there is still plenty of water to go around in most areas—and experts don't expect a serious shortage for 30 to 50 years.

The fastest-growing states, in fact, may do not use all of their allotments from the Colorado. That has allowed southern California to take more than its share, but it is now coming under pressure to return to take. That is forcing it to look elsewhere for water and take some natural resources. San Diego, with 2.8 million people, tried to adopt a so-called water-to-tip system that would recycle waste water—but a public outcry killed that. Instead, California is paying to line the All-American Canal through the Colorado Desert with cement. In return, southern California will be allowed to use the enormous amount of water that used to go unused by water boards are also buying unused water conveyed from agricultural land and diverting it to homes and industry. In Arizona, the state has completed the \$6-billion Central Arizona Project, a 540-km system of canals and pipelines that transports water from the Colorado River all the way to Tucson, which previously took all its water from shrinking underground aquifers. It is also storing massive amounts of surplus water underground for future use, a process known as "water banking." And in both states, conservation measures are saving a giant deal of water—especially in agriculture, which consumes most of the region's water.

One thing the water planners of the southwest are not doing is closing their eyes north. Engineers once drew up ambitious plans to divert rivers from the U.S. northwest and over Canada. But the economics of such projects never made sense—and modern environmental sensitivities make them monstrous. Instead of building more dams, authorities are tearing many down and restoring rivers to their free-flowing state. Bob Barrer, spokesman for the Central Arizona Project, calls massive diversion projects "pie in the sky." His message to Canadians: "Could we use your water? You betcha. If anyone can figure out a way to get it here."

Andrew Phillips

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ABUNDANCE

Share of the world's renewable fresh water carried by Canadian rivers:

9%

with it? Federal lawyers argue that would violate NAFTA and WTO rules—creating a challenge. Both trade pacts prohibit any such blanket export bans. On the other hand, Ottawa's lawyers are confident environmental policies that forbid the large-scale transfer of water from one system of rivers and lakes to another are clearly allowed. The only laws that would not survive a trade panel, they say, would be any that discriminated in favor of would-be Canadian water exporters over foreign competitors.

For now, at least, all this argument seems academic in commercial terms. Researchers for the IJC have searched for examples of economically viable schemes for bulk-water exports from Canada—and come up dry. It is an old story. In 1959, private interests first proposed piping a massive



Barber fears that water will be viewed as a trade commodity like any other.

when the World Water Council, an international think-tank, holds its huge meeting in The Hague in mid-March, expected to attract 10,000 people, in a bid to launch a sweeping strategy to avert a water crisis in the coming decades. According to the forum, 3.4 billion people now lack sufficient clean drinking water, and seven million a year die from diseases linked to unsanitary water. The problem is getting worse: an estimated 20 per cent more water than is now available will be needed to supply the needs of the three billion additional human beings who will be alive by 2025. Drought and chronic short supply are not the only pressing water-management issues—thousands died in the past decade in catastrophic floods, from Bangladesh to China to Venezuela.

Shady, the Canadian International Development Agency official who is a vice-president and driving force in the forum, has guided Canadian contributions to water projects from Africa to central Asia. Shady was born into Egypt's superlatively water-conscious culture, in a little town north of Cairo in the delta of the Nile River. "When I grew up you would look around and think you have lots of water," he recalls, "then doing for half an hour and be in the middle of the desert. Irrigation was life there; the extremes of water govern your life."

Shady suggests that Canada's unique experience brings its own profound understanding of those extremes. "We have the very, very wet Atlantic and Pacific coasts, and the very, very dry areas in Saskatchewan and Alberta," he says. "We have floods, dust bowls, the frozen North." That climatic variety has spawned solutions—from the inter-

provincial agreements that govern the rivers that thread through parched Prairie farmland, to the binational Canada-U.S. system that controls the prolific flow over Niagara Falls—that might be adapted to problems in, say, Central Asia or the Nile basin. Bulk exports are unlikely to matter much in such poor places, Shady says. So, in the end, if Canada is to play a part in solving the world's water woes, nations filled from Newfoundland lakes or B.C. rivers are unlikely to matter much. What the world might be thirsty for, though, is Canadian expertise and aid dollars to flow to some of its driest corners.

Free trade is something so unsettling about the world's water situation that speculation continues. Might prices soar high enough this century to finally justify long-distance shipment? Aurora Corp., an affiliate of Houston-based energy giant Enron Corp., already manages water supply systems around the world and is exploring the potential for greater private-sector involvement—and is eyeing Canada as part of its long-term plans.

The role of such corporations is expected to be a hot topic

TRENDY

Year Canada passed France as top exporter of bottled water to the United States: 1998

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The Human Shield

One year ago, Mitchell Keiver, 25, a biologist from Three Hills, Alta., was working for an international wildlife agency to conserve Uganda's endangered mountain gorillas when he was abducted by Rwandan rebels. They brutally killed nine people and now, for the first time, Keiver recalls that terrifying experience.

By Mitchell Keiver

"Aren't you going to stay the night, Madhusu?"

That was the running joke from the park staff in the tourist town of Buhoma after I arrived in Uganda last April, six weeks after my March 1, 1999, ordeal. I considered staying overnight many times. Then I remembered the last night I slept in Buhoma: I was robbed, shot at, assaulted and abducted, and my jeep was trashed. All in less than 12 hours.

Now, exactly a year has passed since Rwandan rebels seized me and 40 tourists and began to march us barefoot through the thick forest of Bwindi Impenetrable National Park in southwestern Uganda. The rebels divided us into groups based on our nationalities—I was the only Canadian—and ultimately used six of us as human shields to guarantee their escape across the Congo border, about three kilometers away.

Our captives, some of whom were in their mid-twenties, were a frightening bunch—members of the Interimwe militia of

Hutu extremists who are responsible for the 1994 genocide in Rwanda. They were unwelcome in Uganda, where the government supports the Tutsi-led Rwandan leadership. The Interimwe, whose name means "those who stick together," launched their terrorist assault on Buhoma at daybreak, killing the warden of law enforcement in the early fighting. By day's end, the same rebels—who finally let their six white "shields" and a local train go unharmed—had slaughtered eight tourists, leaving their bodies on the forest floor.

A year later, I realize that I am fortunate to be alive to tell this tale and to contemplate its implications. I am also encouraged by the rebuilding of conservation efforts in the Bwindi National Park, a unique and beautiful forest that houses half the surviving mountain gorillas in Africa and predates the Pleistocene ice age of more than 25,000 years ago. The tragic murders left a mark on many of us. In Uganda, this incident devastated tourism to Bwindi, wiping out a crucial source of revenue for the local populace. As for



Keiver on his parents' Three Hills, Alta., farm (upper left); jungle river in Uganda's Bwindi national park (above); doing fieldwork (inset); aftermath of the rebel bloodbath (left). "Until the looting started, I thought the park staff and the soldiers stationed nearby would take care of things. Now, I know I really was in trouble."



me, my trauma and nightmares are receding, but never will I forget the events of March 1, 1999.

They began just after the morning sun was high enough to illuminate the valley. I was lying half-asleep in my bunk, or mud-brick cabin, listening to the cooing of colorful monkeys and waiting for my shortwave to click on with the 7 a.m. news from the BBC World Service. In the chill anonymity, I tucked my wool blanket around my neck and began to plan the hike that would get me back to my search camp in Bwindi's forest, on a slope above the Kanyasha River. For the past eight months, I had been conducting ecological surveys and fallen in love with Bwindi—and had just been promoted to field officer for the International Gorilla Conservation Programme.

I awoke eagerly, anticipating the chance to get away from civilization, back to the simple things in life, chimps and gorillas and my research associates. But my reserve was lost in an instant, with the sound of a single gunshot. Then, other shots echoed through the valley, and I could feel the thunderous boom of one large-caliber weapon. For some reason, I took the time to get dressed completely, including fumbling with the leather strap on my watch. I was peering on my radio when the alarm went off and the familiar BBC voice shouted: I rushed across the room to shut it off, peering no one had heard the sounds. Once dressed, I had underneath the bed, clutching my watch with my passport and money inside.

By now, the shots were hitting the walls, but I could see out into the compound through the space under the door. At one point, someone ran past and I thought briefly about running for safety, too. But I stayed under the bed, assuming that I had no idea what was going on outside and later convincing myself to investigate cautiously as the shooting lessened. I crept to the door, crouching it slightly, expecting to see familiar faces instead, I saw a band of unrecognizable thugs smoking the gun, I crawled back toward the bed. I was not long before the sound of wooden cabin doors being unbarred to replace the *put-put* of rifles. Up until the looting started, I thought the park staff and the soldiers stationed nearby would take care of things. Now, I knew I really was in trouble.

Leop came down the path and turned towards the adjacent barracks. My door was next. In seconds, the attitudes began to change. The door I saw in the distance was the world I lost all too often in East Africa. "Mwanga!" "Tengere!" or simply "ahoyah." They yanked me to my forehead and grabbed my belongings. First, they wanted my watch and I fumbled again with that strap. I thought of a machete slicing off my hand to expedite the process. "Are you American?" one asked in French. I wanted to reply but with my watch finally off, another rebel grabbed the back of my head and pushed me into the compound, where my shoes and socks were taken from me.

Bedford, I watched as they stripped my life—my field notes and journals—in the dirt and shoved up my clothes. Again, the rebels decided to know if I was American. When I said no, they asked if I was from South Africa. "Canadian," I replied. "I am a tourist from Canada," lying



Mountain gorillas preserving their habitat is a tall order.

seemed to make sense. I feared that if I told them I lived in Bwindi, they might have treated me worse.

I looked around, wondering where all the camp staff were. Where was George, the camp ground manager? Where were the young men who had worked for me as porters? I prayed they had fled safely. The rebels marched me out of the parking lot and, for the first time, I saw other white faces on a road about 50 m from my bunk. They were tourists gathered in a single file.

In the morning chill, I was glad I had taken the time to put on my pants and a T-shirt. Some of the others were nothing more than pyjamas. I managed a smile for the man to my left, and it would not be long before we would consider ourselves to be among the lucky ones. But the events began back vivid memories that are far from happy: the fading in my stomach when I remember one rebel pointing a gun to the side of my head while asking me my nationality, the feeling of violation when I remember one rebel coming up behind me, grabbing my hips and doing a little dance against me. This same rebel later came to me and gave me, and only me, a candy.

Our animal band of hostages was taken to another part of town, where 30 innocent people were now gathered. At different stages of the attack, hostages were released, some right at the beginning, others later as we hiked towards the Congo border. I lack a clear memory of when certain people were not free, but I do remember that for the longest time I walked between an American and an Englishman, who both would be dead by the end of the day. I still remember very vividly the moment when we left them behind. The American, a blonde with a tattoo on his shoulder, and the Englishman, a young man my age, had only in boxes and a T-shirt, looked the definition of vulnerability. I sometimes wonder if they died because of the way they were dressed. Perhaps being clothed well enough to induce the hide, and later on the radio, saved my life.

Separated now and told that the others were returning to Bwindi, six of us watched on at gunpoint, with at least 100 rebels in front of and behind us. The hike took us through several kilometers of thickly forested terrain but, surprisingly, it was not as terribly difficult here. We moved slowly and stopped frequently as the rebels cut the trail out of the forest. Our final march ended in a freshly burned-out portion of a Congolese farm plot, a remnant of forest that was no longer. In our last feet, stepping around the still-burning embers of

'Some were raped, bludgeoned to death with a rifle butt or hacked to death by machete'

fallen logs, the site of us sat down, and for an hour or so we ordered questions about our families and where our support lay in the Congo was. One rebel grabbed the hair of the only woman among us, a Swiss, trying to pull her from our secure hideout. He no doubt wanted to take her home as a war prize. Breaking fire, the woman ended back into the arms of another hostage, clenching he was her husband, and breaking down to uncontrollable sobs.

Around 6 p.m., they finally said we could go back to Bwindi. The six of us, now joined by a local Ugandan whose the rebels had forced to cut the trail, turned around and made our way back to Bwindi as our captors continued on their way. It was not until we encountered Ugandan soldiers heading back that we learned more people had been killed: eight

funds to rebuild and replace much of the destroyed equipment as well as pushing forward plans to build a world-class visitor center. This co-operative effort from frequent trials inspired me, and it made me think something good could ultimately come from this tragedy. But there is still no getting past the fact: nine people are dead. And for what, really?

In the effort to protect mountain gorilla tourism revenues gleaned from ecotourism, the people who had been encouraged to visit Bwindi: Would they have come if they weren't encouraged? Probably not, but then would there be any gorilla left in the world?

Organizations such as the International Gorilla Conservation Programme try to ensure that mountain gorillas and their habitat will exist for years to come. With civil unrest



continuing and human populations on the rise, that's a tall order. A protected area like Bwindi was for many years the primary site for tourism to gorilla trekking. Nearly 4,000 tourists spent more than \$1 million visiting the gorillas in 1998 alone.

So for Uganda, Bwindi is not just an area of beauty but, in fact, under the Interahamwe said, gorilla-based tourism paid for over half the Uganda Wildlife Authority's operations budget. From this income, the IGCP implemented a revenue-sharing program, providing each of the 21 parishes surrounding

Bwindi with \$7,900. This is a phenomenal amount when you consider that my employees were paid just \$750 per year.

To many people in the Third World, precious or endangered resources are only as valuable as the benefits they yield. Before the abduction and killings, the landowners adjacent to Bwindi benefited from tourist dollars, respected the park boundaries and practiced sustainable harvesting. Following the drop in tourism after the incident, illegal activities increased in the park, including poaching and timber cutting.

When I returned to Uganda, I felt though this was a failure in the system—that the years of conservation and the millions of dollars spent were all wasted. But I realized that the system did not fail. It took time, but with the tourism slowly returning to Bwindi and Mbarara park, the community and wildlife authority are once again benefiting.

That is the beauty, I think, of this particular conservation effort. It shows that the perseverance that has sustained the mountain gorilla and its habitat for so long is still there. For me, though, I am taking a break and looking for new challenges. I never did abandon the courage to spend one more night in Bwindi. Maybe in future I will. It would be another dream to confront, but that will have to wait for time to fully heal the wounds left on that dark day in the jungle. ■



McCain and wife Cindy
gushing together

the middle of the pack overall among U.S. presidents (21st out of 41)—but dead last in “moral authority.” McCain, 63, has successfully presented himself as what many call the “anti-Clinton,” “a man of integrity and courage,” “its character,” said Democrats. “It’s just who he is.”

That has been enough to propel McCain from one of half a dozen Republican hopefuls sipping at the heels of an overwhelming favorite (Bush) to a powerful challenger. And it was enough to give him an upset win over Bush, 54, in Michigan, as well as a ray of triumph in Arizona. In South Carolina, Bush had just whipped McCain by a margin of 54 to 41 per cent in a down-and-dirty contest in which the Texas governor moved sharply right to appeal to religious conservatives and gave his nod as a clear liberal. He stood in on McCain’s character as well, accusing him of being a Washington insider in thrall to the very lobbyists and special interests he professes to be fighting. It wasn’t pretty, but it worked—and allowed Bush to reclaim his position, at least for a few days, as front-runner for the Republican nomination.

If South Carolina got Bush back on the game, Michigan should have sealed it for him. The state’s Republican governor, John Engler, is a longtime ally of the Bush family who stanced as an inclusive

in the background. “We can go on.”

As it turned out, they didn’t need the excuse. McCain beat Bush by a healthy margin of 50 to 44 per cent in the first primary state that will be a real battleground in the general election.

New Hampshire, where McCain won his first victory on Feb. 1, is too small, too quirky and too Republican. South Carolina, where Bush struck back, is too conservative and too southern. But Michigan, the eighth-most-populous state, is a bit-of-everything place that swings between the two parties. By winning there, McCain threw into serious doubt Bush’s claim that he can forge a successful coalition against the Democrats in November.

The problem for Bush is that he ticked so far to the right to secure his candidacy in South Carolina. The move he may regret now was his visit to the radically ultra-right Bob Jones University in Greenville, S.C., a fundamentalist college that bans interracial dating and promotes anti-Catholic views on its Web site (the Pope, it says, is “satanic”). Within days the visit had come to symbolize Bush’s departure from his earlier stance as an inclusive

once spoke there. But the issue would not be, helped by a barrage of election-eve phone calls orchestrated by McCain’s campaign, asking voters that Bush “has stayed silent” about the university’s anti-Catholic policies. By midweek, the governor was on the defense.

Forced to defend “I reject bigotry. I repudiate anti-Catholicism and racism.”

If Bush now dilemma was that he may alienate conservative voters, McCain’s is the mirror image. The early Republican priorities, including Michigan, were open to all voters—independents and Democrats as well as registered Republicans.

While McCain won the endorsement of only 29 per cent of Republicans, he promises that as a successful effort to broaden his party, bringing in new supporters to construct something he calls “a new McCain majority.” Bush won handily among Republicans in Michigan, gaining support from 66 per cent of them.

In fact, some Democratic party leaders actually urged their supporters to vote for McCain in order to challenge Bush and engineer Engler, his chief backer in the state. “There was a clear effort,” Bush charged, “to hijack the primary.” (Ironically, though, Engler arranged for Michigan’s primary to be open to all voters, thinking that would benefit Bush. Months ago, it looked like the governor’s main challenge would come from the right-wing candidate Steve Forst. No one anticipated he would be fighting for survival against a man who appeals more to moderates.)

This is the ground that the two men will fight over until mid-March, when the Republican nomination will almost certainly be decided. McCain will try to persuade more loyal Republicans to join the independent voters powering what he calls “our crusade.” “Don’t let this campaign, my fellow Republicans,” he said last week, “join it.” Bush, in



Bush can be regarded as
mainstream enough?

World

A ‘Luke Skywalker’ wanna-be’

As ‘Titanic Tuesday’ nears, maverick John McCain is poised for an epic upset

By Andrew Phillips in Michigan

Politicians tend to fall in love with their own self-image, and Senator John McCain is no exception. First, he compared himself—over and over—to Luke Skywalker locked in combat with the Dark Side. “I’m fighting to get out of the Death Star! They’re coming at me from all sides!” Then, his campaign began playing Star Wars theme music at the end of his raucous rallies. Finally, to make sure absolutely everyone got the

point, McCain and his wife, Cindy, joyfully broadcasted toy light sabers as they celebrated his victories last week over Texas Gov. George W. Bush in Michigan and his home state of Arizona.

For once, at least, the prolonged metaphor seemed apt. McCain’s quest for the Republican presidential nomination may not have the epic quality of Luke’s struggle with Darth Vader. In fact, it might just be another mud fight between two politicians who, despite their heated rhetoric, are very similar on most issues. But try telling that to the starry-eyed supporters who flock to McCain’s banner. Near Seattle last week, hundreds robed one of his rallies and pounded on his campaign bus to get his attention, prompting Cindy McCain to compare the experience to

travelling with a rock star. Even in the candidate’s darkest moment, right after the hearing he took from Bush on Feb. 19 in the Republican South Carolina primary, they kept coming. In Saginaw, an industrial town 160 km north of Detroit, investment analyst Rich Dornier turned up at a McCain rally with a copy of the senator’s autobiography, *Find of My Father*, in which he details his ordeal as a prisoner of war in Vietnam. “I read it and just fell in love with the guy,” said Dornier.

No other politician inspires that kind of gushing from paid American voters these days—especially in the waning months of a presidency mired in scandal chiefly for a disappointing series of scandals. A survey of insurance released last week ranked Bill Clinton as

THE NEXT ROUND

These states will hold both Republican and Democratic primaries on March 7 to choose delegates for their presidential conventions

| |
|---------------|
| California |
| Connecticut |
| Georgia |
| Idaho |
| Massachusetts |
| Mississippi |
| Missouri |
| New York |
| Ohio |
| Rhode Island |
| Tennessee |

“compromising conservative”—felled by several influential TV commentators who happen to be Roman Catholic (notably Tim Russert of NBC’s *Meet the Press*) who pushed the issue to the fore.

As he campaigned in Michigan and then went on to California for the next big showdown on March 7, Bush agreed in vain that his Bob Jones visit said nothing about his religious attitudes—prompting one that the Republicans’ modern-day hero, Ronald Reagan,

turn, will argue that McCain has failed to win over the core of his own party, and will try to outpace the moderate image that he abandoned in his sowing-the-offer-down South.

The odds are still stacked against McCain, in large part because of the campaign schedule. This week, the Republicans hold primaries in Washington state and Virginia and a caucus in North Dakota. McCain is concentrating on relatively moderate Washington to keep his momentum going. Then, on March 7, comes the big show-down—primaries and caucuses to choose convention delegates in 15 states. Traditionally known as Super Tuesday, this year it is being dubbed Titanic Tuesday because so much is at stake for both Republicans and Democrats in the overhyped contest between Vice President Al Gore and former senator Bill Bradley.



Bradley (left), Gore, eclipsed by McCain

McCain's problem is that only a few of the March 7 states allow the kind of cross-party voting that gave him his margin of victory in New Hampshire and Michigan. Most of them—including the biggest prize, New York and California—strict voting for conven-

tion delegates to Republicans only. McCain's organizers say he has a good chance to win several New England states and New York, where Republicans need to be relatively moderate ("We like the cold weather," says his top manager, Mike Murphy). The key will be whether he can pull off a major miracle and convince a majority of California Republicans to back him. That state alone will send 162 delegates to the Republican convention next July, where 1,834 will be needed to win. If the fall shows there, he runs into an even higher wall the next week, on March 14, where a group of southern states including Bush's own Texas and Florida (where his brother, Jeb, is governor) hold primaries.

The rules and the numbers are all on Bush's side—though his once overwhelming money advantage has diminished. After spending a record \$90 million so far, he has only about \$15 million in the bank, according to authoritative reports last week (compared with about \$12 million for his rival). McCain hopes that Bush will keep spending and the charity of the race will change. Bush became the instant from-runner among Republicans as soon as he declared his candidacy last summer for one simple reason: the party's leader long for a winner in November after eight years of Clinton. If they conclude that McCain has a better chance, they may swallow their dislike for an unrepentable maverick and toss the Texas overboard. "It's clear Republicans like electability," says McCain aide Davis. "That's what the surge for Bush was based on. Hopefully, it'll come to us."

Almost lost in the Republican fight is the contest between Gore, 52, and Bradley, 57, which also comes to a head on March 7. Until last January, McCain and Bradley shared the spotlight as feisty iconoclastic leading establishment frontmen, but McCain's sudden rise eclipsed Bradley. He trails Gore in every primary state, and paled last week that he is getting so little media attention that maybe "I should hold up a bird." McCain, the Luke Skywalker wannabe, may still be a long shot to carry his own party's standard in November. But the extraordinary attention he has received has already gone a long way towards ensuring that the Democrats' nominee will be Gore. ■

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World Notes



A Christian pilgrimage

Pope John Paul II greets Pope Shenouda III of the Coptic Orthodox Church in Cairo. John Paul, who also met with top Muslim clerics, was on a three-day trip to Egypt to visit historic sites serving 2,000 years of Christianity in Coptic Cairo, tradition holds that Jesus was brought there by Mary and Joseph to flee the wrath of King Herod. The 79-year-old pontiff also visited a Greek Orthodox monastery at Mount Sinai—where Moses is said to have received the Ten Commandments. Next month, the Pope plans to travel to Jordan, Israel and the Palestinian-ruled cities of Bethlehem and Jericho.

A challenge to the mullahs' power

Flushed with victory in parliamentary elections, Iranian reformers hope to break the long rule of the country's Muslim clerics. A coalition led by Mohammad Reza Khatami, leader of the Islamic Iran Participation Front, won 141 seats in the 290-member parliament, while hardliners took just 44 in the first round of voting.

In addition to seeking for more personal freedoms, Khatami demanded the creation of an independent media and judiciary. He also wants to restore diplomatic relations with the United States, which were severed in 1979 after followers of

Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini stormed the U.S. Embassy and took 52 Americans hostage.

To achieve their goals, the reformers face severe challenges. Khomeini led behind an Islamic constitution that places nearly absolute power in the hands of the country's mullahs or top clerics. And Iran's current supreme leader, Ayatollah Ali Khamenei, controls the army, police and judiciary. But Khatami hopes his sweeping victory will force the clerics to accept some changes, including relinquishing control of the headline institutions, such as the so-called moral police, which now force women to cover their heads in public and prevent them from socializing with unmarried men.

Chilling tales of massacre in Grozny

Refugees fleeing the war in Chechnya are bringing with them shocking stories of a massacre at the hands of drunken Russian soldiers. The atrocities are alleged to have occurred in Grozny, the Chechen capital, where soldiers accused as many as 82 people, including women and children. In another incident, a German television crew videotaped Russian soldiers piling corpses of Chechen fighters in a mass grave, and some of the bodies appeared to have been mutilated. Moscow, however, denounced the charges as malicious propaganda.

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World Notes

Guns across the border

Fearing massive smuggling of American handguns and rifles from Canada to the United States, Washington suspended all small arms sales going north of the border. The move came after new licensing requirements showed that 115,000 handguns and 25,000 rifles had been shipped to Canada, 10 times more than the total sold to Britain, France and Italy in 1998.

Building up the troops

Canada is doubling to 200 the number of an NATO troops in Mission, the scene of one daily violent demonstrations as the Kosovo area divided between Serbs and Albanians. The growing unrest, in which rare civilians have died, prompted NATO to ask for 2,000 troops in addition to the 50,000 already in Kosovo.

China rattles its sabres

China's latest warning to Taiwan that it might use military action to reunite the two countries could hurt China's chances of entering the World Trade Organization. The U.S. Congress is about to debate granting China WTO membership, but critics say its bullying of Taiwan shows why it should not be allowed into the organization.

Publication apologizes

The prestigious *New England Journal of Medicine* has apologized to its readers for failing to disclose a number of writers face conflicts of interest. The journal said it published 19 reviews in the past three years from medical researchers, even though it knew they had ties to drug companies marketing products they were writing about.

Cops acquitted in shooting

Four white New York City police officers who killed an unarmed West African immigrant, Amadou Diallo, in a barrage of 41 bullets were acquitted of all charges, a stunning verdict to a case that fueled massive protests. The jury of four blacks and eight whites deliberated for more than 20 hours.

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winner were Dale Downey, Producer, Reporter with CBC for *Broadcast One*, and Jocelyn Bernabé, Producer of *Mystère des valx québécoises et Refus Global* for Radio-Canada.

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The Internet network

Telecommunications giant BCE wants CTV for its Web content

By Ross Laver

Watch what I do, not what I say. That, in effect, is how BCE Inc. chief executive Jean Morin explained the laser and boldstep in his campaign to wrestle the Montreal-based telecommunications giant as the dominant provider of Canadian content on the Internet. As recently as last month, Morin was brushing aside rumors that BCE intended to launch a takeover bid for CTV Inc., the country's biggest private broadcaster. Yet on Friday, BCE did just that, announcing a cash offer worth \$2.3 billion for the Toronto-based television network and its family of television stations, specialty channels and pay-per-view services. If the deal goes through, Morin said, it will position BCE as "a leading player in the converging broadcasting and new media industries."

For now, however, that remains a very big if. In the immediate aftermath of Morin's announcement, CTV's shares traded as high as \$39.45, \$1.45 more than BCE has put on the table. Although Morin described his offer as "very aggressive," some investors are clearly betting that a bidding war will break out between BCE and one or more of Canada's other major communications companies, among them Quebecor Inc. of Montreal, Rogers Communications Inc. of Toronto (which also owns *Mediaset*) and Corus Entertainment Inc. of Toronto. Corus, a spinoff of cable giant Shaw Communications Inc., is headed by its former CTV president, John Canavan, and already owns nearly 10 per cent of the network. (The rest of CTV is widely held, with Electro-

home Broadcasting of Kitchener, Ont., holding 12 per cent.) Another uncertainty surrounds the reaction of Canada's broadcast regulators. The Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission has traditionally discouraged efforts by the distribution of broadcasting signals to get into the content business by, for example, acquiring control of television stations or networks. The fear has always been that such companies might use their control over dis-



BCE INC.

MARKET CAPITALIZATION: \$188.3 billion
1999 REVENUES: Justifying Netel
Networks \$14.2 billion
1999 PROFITS: \$5.4 billion*

KEY ASSETS (IN DOLLARS):

- Bell Canada (50%)
- Netel Networks (35-37%)
- BCE Energy (55-51%)
- Sympatico-Quebec Web portal (75%)
- Telecelle (25%); 100% pending

*Adjusted after taxes of \$5.4 billion (excluding 20% of Bell Canada to Telecom)

Morin: 'this is a new world and an unregulated world'

tribution to favour their own networks and programming over content from independent providers. As a result of the policy, Shaw recently agreed to transfer its collection of specialty channels to Corus, a separate company even though it, too, is controlled by Calgary's CKRC, which Rogers Communications is buying. "I'm not a bilingual CFMT, but only

because that station was in financial trouble and might otherwise have shut down."

By making a play for CTV, Morin is in effect arguing that those ownership distinctions need no longer apply in the era of the Internet. BCE is currently a distributor of television through its Bell ExpressVu satellite service, it is also conducting tests in Toronto and New Brunswick of two different methods by which TV programming could be delivered over



CTV stars, clockwise from left: Lloyd Robertson, Mike Bullard, Regis Philbin ("Who Wants to Be a Millionaire?"), Gabby Douglas (Aly McAllen)



conventional telephone wires. But like most of its competitors, BCE is convinced that the coming convergence of television and the Internet will render irrelevant many of the regulations that now govern the broadcasting industry. "On the Internet this is a new world and an unregulated world, and in that world we believe we can have a different approach," he said after announcing the CTV offer.

Morin's approach certainly is different. Around the world, giant telecommunications companies are racing to redefine themselves in the face of the Internet revolution. Some hope to make money by building the massive fibre-optic networks that are needed to carry the rapidly growing volume of global data traffic. Others are focusing on the services that will run over those networks, such as the complex systems needed to handle business-to-business e-commerce.

Morin, however, is aiming to do both these things, and more besides. In last January, he announced plans to spin off BCE's 50.3-per-cent stake in Netel Networks Corp., a move that gave the former parent company a free war zone to pursue other deals. Not long after that, BCE tilted a \$3.7-billion offer for Telecelle Inc., a long-distance carrier that is constructing a worldwide fibre-optic network linking corporations in major cities. Meanwhile, he also struck an alliance with Lycos, a U.S. Internet portal, to provide software and content for BCE's Sympatico service, already Canada's largest Internet service provider. Those two announcements illustrate the new prongs of Morin's strategy to focus on business consumers internationally while, at home, offering the full range of communications services to consumers as well as companies.

How does CTV fit into that picture? From Morin's perspective, the network is mainly valuable as a supplier of domestic news and sports programming, both of which can be used to attract visitors to the Sympatico-Lycos Web site. "News and sports are really the two things that people go to an Internet site to get consistently," he says. "It's how we can catch the eyeballs to come to a Canadian site as opposed to a U.S. site. The local content is really what makes the difference here."

At the same time, BCE is hoping that its proposed takeover of CTV will accelerate the development of new forms of interactive programming aimed at consumers. BCE already owns a large piece of Toronto-based ExtradMedia Inc., the company that produces Web-based adver-



CTV INC.

MARKET CAPITALIZATION: \$1.8 billion
1999 REVENUES: \$428 million
1999 PROFITS: \$7.7 million
KEY ASSETS (IN OWNERSHIP):

- 26 television stations (national)
- CTV Newsnet (100%)
- CTV Sportsworld (40%)
- The Comedy Network (65%)
- NetStar Communications (50.5% if approved), which owns:
 - The Sports Network (100%)
 - Discovery Channel Canada (80%)
 - News Channel Canada (25%)

active content for the CBC, whose *Drop the Beat*, which revolves around a group of black youths who work at a campus radio station. Using the interactive services, viewers can surfnet up additional information about the show's cast, place orders for sound track CDs or find out which brands of clothing the show's characters are wearing. ExtradMedia is also involved in a Web site and companion TV program called *Dial It Out*, essentially a cooking show whose viewers are encouraged to go online (*www.dialitout.com*) to order kitchen appliances and other goods. "The convergence of TV and the Web opens up unlimited opportunities for e-commerce," Morin said.

If there is a problem with all that, it may be that BCE is trying to do too many things at once—all the way from managing complex business data networks in rural Saskatchewan to flagging pots and pans to homebrewers in rural Saskatchewan. "There's no question it's going to be a management challenge to be able to pull this off," Morin said. "What we've put together over the last couple of years will put a strain on our management structure." He added that a major reorganization of BCE will likely occur at some point during the next year, "but I'm not ready to give an answer at this stage."

Given the flurry of deals in the past two months, that delay will come as little surprise to BCE's shareholders. It will take months for the company's executives to come up with a plan to integrate BCE's new properties, and months more before regulators decide whether to approve all of the changes. In the meantime, Morin can at least feel confident that he has answered one long-standing complaint about his leadership—that he wasn't moving quickly enough to spell out BCE's Internet strategy. "I've been criticized for moving too slow," he said. "Now, I suspect I'll be criticized for moving too fast."



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Business

Billionaire on the loose

With Newbridge sold, what will Matthews do?

Terry Matthews is a notoriously private businessman, but when he opens up, he is passionate. Once, during an interview almost four years ago, he worked himself into a frenzy over the simple question of whether he would ever sell Newbridge Networks Corp. The telecommunications equipment maker, based just west of Ottawa in Kanata, was then beginning one of its periods of stellar growth. But Matthews had no interest in cashing in. And the chairman and CEO had a defiant message for anyone considering a hostile takeover: "I'll just set up shop across the street," he shouted, hopping up and down and gesturing out the window at nearby property he owns. "They're not going to get rid of me that easy."

But that was a different Newbridge. After that, the company sank more than \$300 million into a badly handled takeover of California-based UB Networks, underperformed for six of 11 quarters and was forced to lay off hundreds of employees. Meanwhile, Newbridge's competitors were eroding its technological edge. Last week, Matthews had no choice but to change his student stance. He agreed to sell his 14-year-old company—a manufacturer of high-speed hardware used in everything from telephone connections to Internet access—to Paris-based Alcatel SA in a long-expected deal worth \$104.6 billion. The sprawling French conglomerate, one of the top five telecommunications companies in the world with revenues of more than \$30 billion, has the resources Newbridge lacked to take on the increasingly aggressive players in its sector. As Matthews said in a conference call with investors and analysts last week: "Deep pockets help an incredible amount."

Not that Matthews' pockets are shallow these days. He will get \$2.2 billion in Alcatel stock for his 22-per-cent share of Newbridge, and that does not include his



Kanata's high-flyer: a unique style

real estate holdings through Kanata Research Park Corp., the \$60 houses he owns in his native Wales, or Celtic House International, his venture capital company that controls more than \$150 million worth of investments in at least 26 small technology firms. This is not a man who is going to retire quietly. Among other things, he is already building a hotel and golf course in Kanata, and has thrown up a golf resort in Wales. But Matthews is no dabbler—he doesn't even play golf. His one focus will continue to be technology—and, most likely, Ottawa. Early on, he missed opportunities to move Newbridge to Texas or Wales, preferring instead to be surrounded by Kanata's parkland setting and its concentration of like-minded high-tech talent. "Becoming a local developer would be a shame for a technological visionary, even if occasionally an erratic one," said Duncan Stewart, a portfolio manager with Terra Capital Corp., a Toronto investment firm.

Erratic is putting it mildly. People who have had no exposure to Matthews are taken aback by his unconventional demeanor. Once, speaking to a breakfast gathering of retail investors, Matthews began a story that seemed to be a business analogy about retaining valued employ-

ees, but ended up being a rant about how his gardener in Wales cut down his 100-year-old rosebushes. The audience sat stunned, but his own employees were unfazed. After all, they know Matthews is the volcanic boss who insisted that any senior staff members who wanted to quit had to come to his office to tell him personally. Matthews would then share between them on their decisions to leave and trying to cajole them into staying.

But his unique style seems to have been in no small part responsible for the fact that, at 36, he has made two Kanata-based fortunes. In the 1970s, he launched Miel Corp. with Michael Cowpland—now the flamboyant head of Ottawa software maker Gord Corp. The sale of Miel in 1986 allowed Matthews to found Newbridge with \$14 million of his own money. Last year, as 6,300 employees in 100 countries produced \$1.82 billion in revenues and \$162 million in profit, Newbridge Networks staff, who have been rewarded with stock options over the years, will make enough money through the Alcatel sale to write out on their own.

As for Matthews, he is still having trouble with the concept that Newbridge is not his anymore. The firm will be run as a new division of Alcatel, headed by current Newbridge president Pierre Fries. But although Matthews has no official position with Alcatel, he told reporters he is looking forward to "naming the company's people in North America." When the bank really says in, he may try helping out promising new ventures, but it seems unlikely he will be saddled with a business to, well, anyone. While the Alcatel deal prohibits him from starting a competing company for the next two years, it does not prevent him from launching any other type of venture. The new management should not be surprised if one day it finds that a local politician has set up shop across the street.

Joanne Chirrello in Kanata



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Rolling to a stop

Independent truckers

blocked major highways to protest what they say are crippling increases in the cost of fuel. The Illinois-Canada route between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia was reduced to one lane for more than two days after angry truckers pulled over to the side of the road in an effort to call attention to skyrocketing increases in the cost of diesel fuel: last week a litre of diesel hit 70 cents in some parts of the country, almost double its level in August of last year. There were smaller protests in Ottawa and Toronto, but major truck-dependent businesses—such as southern Ontario car manufacturers—said there was no serious disruption in deliveries.



Protest near Toronto: diesel has almost doubled

The truckers, who are paid by the kilometre under contracts with shipping companies, say escalating fuel prices are stripping away profits and could force owners to sell their rigs. Some demanded a reduction in taxes—around 30 cents a litre. But Prime Minister Jean Chrétien advised truckers to push on their own, while industry analysts suggested that oil production cuts would bring relief later in the year.

Cinar takes a beating

Montreal-based animator Cinar Corp. acknowledged that a federal investigation likely affected its bottom line. By week's end, the company's shares were down 25 per cent. The RCMP and tax authorities have been probing Cinar over allegations that the company, producer of such well-regarded children's TV shows as *Arthur*, falsified Canadian viewer for scripts written by Americans. Under Canadian content rules, companies receive tax credits for material produced by Canadians. The company could face fines in the millions of dollars.

Financial Outlook

Retailers cooled last year in style, posting a two-per-cent monthly increase in sales for December alone. Over the year, purchases were up 5.8

RINGING CASH REGISTERS

Annual percentage increase in retail sales by sector in 1999



per cent from 1998, with big-ticket items like furniture and automobiles leading the charge. While all of Canada benefited from the spending spree, the biggest jumps in logistic came in central and eastern Canada. Prince Edward Island posted the highest increase, at 10.5 per cent, but sales in the West were far below the national average.

The good news doesn't appear to be over. Analysts expect this year to match or exceed 1999's, with strong employment growth, rising real wages and further tax cuts fueling more consumer spending.

Royal profit soars

Canada's largest bank posted a record first-quarter profit—\$544 million for the three months ended on Jan. 31, up from \$469 million a year earlier. Chairman John Clegg said a strong economy and cost-cutting measures were responsible. The bank, which cut 2,200 jobs last year, now plans to eliminate another 4,000. Clegg vigorously denied rumours he may retire.

Willywonnies, Muppets

Genies media group E! TV & Media Group AG paid more than \$100 million in cash and stock for The Muppets, created and owned by the late Jim Henson. Kermit the Frog and Miss Piggy will now call Muppet home. E! TV hopes the deal will launch a worldwide revival of the classic children's show.

Dufasco shells out

Hamilton stockbroker Dufasco Inc. announced that its last year in a decade will result in a generous bonus for the company's 7,000 workers, each will receive an extra payment of almost \$8,000. The company's profit last year was \$260.2 million, mostly due to the strong economy.

Inflation rate drops

Despite strong consumer spending, inflation fell to an annual rate of 2.3 per cent in January, down from 2.5 per cent last December. Most of the decline was attributed to lower prices for air-fares and cars. Nonetheless, experts predicted that the Bank of Canada will raise interest rates slightly this spring, following economy-cooling rate hikes expected from the U.S. Federal Reserve Board over the next few months.

Foreigners flee bonds

Statistics Canada reported that foreign investors deserted Canada's bond market in droves at the end of 1999, making it the worst year for such investors since the mid-1970s. And even though foreign investment in Canadian equities remained strong in December, investments by foreigners in Canadian markets last year totalled \$4.2 billion, down sharply from \$25 billion in 1998.



Ross Laver

Biotech: the next big thing?

Looking to make a big score in the stock market? Forget about all those dot-com companies—on the future, the really impressive returns will be in biotech.

Rightly or wrongly, that's the message the stock market has been sending out recently. Since Jan. 1, shares in Nasdaq-listed computer and Internet companies have risen an average of 13 per cent. In the same period, biotechnology stocks have soared 64 per cent. Several individual companies in the sector have seen their shares triple or quadruple since the start of the year.

Biotech companies have also been among the strongest performers on the Toronto Stock Exchange. As a group, biotech and drug stocks are up 21 per cent this year, compared with the 8.6-per-cent increase achieved by the TSE 300 index.

"The next big thing is going to be biotech, and it's going to make Internet valuations look like child's play," declares Scott Peterson, the 36-year-old Decape House look-alike who runs Yorkton Securities Inc., Canada's hottest independent brokerage.

Peterson, of course, has a vested interest in making such pronouncements. Anything that causes investors to start salivating about the potential for huge returns is obviously good for the brokerage industry—and, given its focus on knowledge-based industries, Yorkton in particular. It also sends a nice-to-have message to all those struggling biotech entrepreneurs out there: if you've got a good story to tell and you're looking for some seed money to turn your dreams into reality, make sure you talk to Scott Peterson first. Like you, he's a believer.

What Peterson believes most of all is that liquidity began flowing. This is Bay Street's milk for what the rest of us like to call the land miracle. When enough people become convinced that some fancy new technology is going to be worth a bundle of money, it can become a self-fulfilling prophecy. Dollars flow into the sector, stock prices rise and the available pool of investment capital grows ever larger, making it easier for small start-ups to get financing. Every time one of those fledgling outfits becomes a big success, scores of as-yet-unimagined researchers swoon into their basements or their labs in search of another breakthrough—knowing that if they pull it off, they too, and a decent chunk of nothing it rich.

"A lot of people don't get that about our business," Peterson says, chewing on a steak in his 31st-floor Bay Street corner

office. "It's not about 'It's a great technology.' It's about capital flows." He means what's coming to happen in biotech to what's been going on for the past two years in the Internet sector. There, tiny research-oriented companies with no earnings and revenues are being strapped up for billions of dollars by giants like Nasdaq Networks Corp. and Ciena Systems Inc.

"It's all about driving entrepreneurial activity. You don't drink a bunch of guys go marching off to their basements whenever they hear about a dot like this? Be assured of it. That's really the key piece in this technology boom that's gone on so long, and why it's self-fulfilling. It's the behaviour modification."

South of the border, the biotech herd is in full spurs.

Companies such as Celera Genomics Group, Millennium Pharmaceuticals Inc., Targent Genetics Corp. and Amgen Inc. now boast market capitalizations in the stratosphere, even though most are years away from turning a profit. The hottest area is genomics, the science of mapping and analyzing genes with an eye to developing new drugs. "In the next five years, there will be five companies worth more than Microsoft and they will all be genomics-based," Peterson says. He means to add that they will also be American. Canadian firms aren't yet known as big players in genomics, although Yorkton recently arranged \$4.9 million in financing for Tim Beaudette Corp., a Toronto company that is working

ing on a way to improve the diagnosis of genetic disorders. "I'm trying to find a way to get money into genomics-related companies as I can," Peterson says.

Meanwhile, the strong demand for biotech stocks is fueling a financing boom in Canada. Last year, the health-care sector raised \$1.4 billion in new equity, five times the 1998 figure. Yorkton alone has led five equity issues so far this year, raising more than \$100 million. In most of these cases, the demand from investors outstripped supply, a signal to other companies that the time is ripe to go looking for money.

Whether the time is ripe to go chasing profits in biotech stocks, however, is another question. "Is the game so far have been impressive, but like the computer industry the field is notoriously unpredictable. On top of that, the staggering complexities of the human body and disease truly do make the average e-commerce opportunity look like child's play. The next big thing? If the biotech fever burns out, watch as all those investors reach for their headbache pills."



Peterson: a signal to entrepreneurs



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Palm unfolds a colourful lineup

The world of hand-held computing is held firmly in the hands of Palm. In four years, Palm Inc. of Santa Clara, Calif., has sold more than 5 million electronic organizers, easily becoming the standard among tech-savvy execs and micro-scheduled people everywhere. To keep that competitive edge, Michael Maskover, general manager of Palm Canada Inc., last week wheeled out the Palm IIIc, the firm's first model to feature a colour screen. Not one to hide its softly glowing light under a bushel of competitors, Maskover boasted: "It's the lightest, brightest, thinnest, most portable colour-screen, hand-held computer that's available in the marketplace today."

Maybe so, although the Palm IIIc also costs more than, say, a P100. For \$679, users get a 193-g computer with 256 colours and eight megabytes of memory, enough for thousands of addresses and pages of appointments. The lithium-ion battery, the company maintains, will last about two weeks on a charge. The IIIc also comes loaded with programs to showcase its colour capabilities, such as one allowing Web pages to be downloaded via a computer link (wired or wireless) and read later. Mappermaker Rand McNally also plans to upgrade its StreetFinder programs to allow users to locate their whereabouts in colour via satellite, using a dig-on device.

But the price of resistance may be the

new plug-in full-size keyboard (\$149), which fails to absorb the use of the Palm itself. Commenters and others with a lip or table available no longer need to enter information with Palm's stylus and less-than-inspiring graphics writing programs. But if it all becomes too frustrating, there's help for that as well: the alarm clock now comes with a mouse button.

Maps from space

Earth just got a little smaller—and the U.S. military a little deadlier—with the successful completion of the space shuttle Endeavour's mission to map the planet in unprecedented three-dimensional detail. During the 11-day flight, the crew of six worked around the clock, gathering digital radar data collected with a 60-m antenna, the longest rigid structure ever deployed in space. Aided by a second instruments assembly in the cargo bay, astronauts bounced cloud- and night-penetrating radar off the earth's surface as the shuttle orbited at speeds of 450 km per minute. Despite a faulty thruster, the crew was able to map three-quarters of the globe's surface, from the northern edge of British Columbia to Cape Horn at the bottom of South America. The Pentagon plans to use the topographical survey to improve missile accuracy, navigation for fighter pilots and troop deployment. The military will keep the best maps, but declassified versions for public use will still be better than anything available today.

Danylo Hovorshchuk



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A grotesque lapse of character: McSorley catching Brashear from behind; the slash to the head (right); Brashear lying unconscious (far right)



where it hit might have easily killed Bradshaw. Fans, officials and players all condemned the attack, and Vancouver police launched an investigation that could yet result in charges this week.

The league, meanwhile, suspended the 36-year-old McSorley for the Bruins' remaining 23 regular-season games and for the playoffs, should Boston qualify. That is the longest suspension in NHL history for an on-ice infraction—but not nearly long enough for many critics. "You've got

What was not predictable was how the next McSorley-versus-Brashear confrontation would conclude. The first period began boring. McSorley and he repeatedly tried to goal his foe into a rematch later in the game. Brashear wouldn't bite—why bother when his Canucks were building a solid 5-2 lead—but he did turn the entire Bruins' bench with an exaggerated flail of muscles midway through the final period. That just seemed to make McSorley angrier. In the hockey fighter's code of honor, showing a cardinal

in talk years with that kind of thing," said Dallas Stars forward Mike Modano, himself a victim of a now-infamous hit that kept him out for 10 days earlier this season. "You're not talking games. You're talking a two- or three-year ban." The league added that, if McSorley wants to play again next year, he must apply to commissioner Gary Bettman for reinstatement. Anesthetics, league sources made clear, is not guaranteed, but they say they cannot be more specific because, at this point, McSorley does not have a contract for next season.

In public-relations terms, the league plainly suffered a severe concussion, too. The attack was replayed endlessly on TV newscasts and Web sites all over North America, reinforcing among casual viewers—especially in the all-important U.S. market—the stereotype depicted in the 1970s cult classic, *Slap Shot*, which portrayed hockey as a violent, frigid sport more closely aligned with wrestling and roller derby than with baseball, basketball and football. "For the fan who maybe doesn't see the game as hot," said *American Mighty Ducks* star Paul Kariya, "this is what they are going to focus on and this is what the papers are going to push. For our league, this type of criticism is horrible."

Hockey is hardly the only sport plagued by violence. Baseball players have had their careers ended by intentional baseball pitches. Basketball fans recall the blind-side punch that Kermit Washington of the Los Angeles Lakers threw to the face of the Houston Rockets' Rudy Tomjanovich in 1977. The Move, which fractured Tomjanovich's jaw, nose and skull, punctured his brain cavity and tore a tear duct, drew a 26-game suspension—roughly comparable to what McSorley will serve, and less if the Bruins waive the playoffs.

There is no question that the NHL has made some efforts to curb violence. It has changed rules, toughened suspensions and gone to a new two-rebate system to drastically reduce the number of fights and scuffle-fests in recent years. But the league still allows fighting, and white-knuckled fans such as McSorley's are not, vicious cross-checks and slaps are not. Elbows to the head are still too common, as are hits from behind, which may be the most dangerous

BLOOD SPORT

When Marty McSorley whacked Donald Brashear, he dealt a devastating blow to hockey

By James Deacon

It was probably inevitable that Marty McSorley and Donald Brashear were going to hurt heads. They came from different backgrounds: Brashear was born in Bedford, Ind., but was abused by his father and was eventually sent by his mother, a Quebecer, to live with a foster family in Montreal. McSorley had a happy family life on his parents' farm in Cayuga, Ont. But in their hockey careers, they had much in common. Both were self-made, having earned their way to the National Hockey League as fighters before refining their talents to become useful, regular-shift players—Brashear as a forward, McSorley on defense. Since 1996, they fought practically every time they faced one another—five times in all. The last of these battles came last week, barely two minutes into the first period of a game between Brashear's Vancouver Canucks and McSorley's Boston Bruins. As usual, Brashear was the clear victor.

sins, and offenders must pay.

So, with less than 5 minutes on the score clock and Brashear already on the ice, McSorley jumped over the boards intending, he said later, to provoke another fight. But instead, in a grotesque lapse of character, McSorley slung up from behind and, with just 2.7 seconds left, clubbed Brashear in the right temple with a vicious two-handed slash of his stick. The Vancouver forward dropped backward like a felled tree. Making matters worse, his helmet slipped off just before impact, allowing his head to bounce sickeningly on the ice. McSorley was immediately besieged by several Canucks, while Brashear—unconscious, his body twitching erratically, blood seeping out of his nose—was treated by emergency medical staff and rushed away on a stretcher. "It made me sick to my stomach," said Canucks forward Martin Stastny. "I've never seen anything like that in my life. The club was, I think, bad enough to kill someone. I'm just happy that he's OK."

Miraculously, the 28-year-old Brashear soon regained consciousness and may be able to return to action at a matter of weeks, depending on how quickly he recovers from a severe concussion. Thanks to that disability, the National Hockey League dodged a deadly bullet in Vancouver last week. The face of McSorley's blow and the place on the head.

The final blow, as usual, Brashear had the upper hand in a first-period fight with McSorley



Is there something about the culture of the game that actually encourages extremely violent behaviour?

fool of all. The worst recent example occurred last October, when Anaheim defenceman Radek shot Modano, at high speed, twisting his head into the boards.

That incident was just as career-threatening as the McSorley attack, and its replay was just as stomach-turning. Modano, one of the game's brightest stars, somehow escaped with only strained neck muscles and a concussion, but he understood how close he had come to losing his career, or even his life. He called on his fellow players to show more respect for each other's safety, and threatened to quit if the violence did not decline. "If things continue, I'm not going to play anymore," he said, adding, "I still have the rest of my life to live."

For the league and its players, the lingering debate is not over what to do about McSorley. It must address why such extreme acts of violence happen at all. Are they simply inevitable in fierce contact sports such as hockey? Or is there something about the culture of the game that encourages extreme behaviour? Former Montreal Canadiens goalie Ken Dryden, now the Toronto Maple Leafs' president, says the answer is somewhere in between. "Bad things can happen in game games," he says. "And good people sometimes do bad things."

Evan Murty McSorley admits there is an excuse for what he did. "I got upset around guys," he said in his solemn post-game apology to Bruesee. All he wanted to do, he said, was start a fight. His oldest friends in the game, including icons such as Mark Messier of the Canucks and the retired Wayne Gretzky, say the incident was unconscionable. Former teammates and fellow tough guy George Lastras of the Edmonton Oilers



Enforcer president: In 1963, Boston's Ted Green (6) suffered a fractured skull in a stick fight with Wayne Maki of St. Louis. Maki was later acquitted of assault.

VANCOUVER CANUCKS
No. 6 BRUESEE, Donald
Home town: Edmonton, Ind.
Born: Jan. 1, 1932 Position: left wing
Shoots: left Height: 5'2"
Weight: 235 lb. Years in NHL: 7
Career Games: 394 Goals: 36
Assists: 30
Total Penalty Minutes: 1,278
Highlights: Signed as two agent with Montreal in 1952. Traded to Vancouver in 1956. Led league in 1957-1958 season with 312 total penalty minutes. Recorded 28 penalty minutes during third period against New York Rangers in October, 1997



was emphatic: "I would never allow him to play again. I wouldn't even let him enter a rink again."

Just as telling, no one, not even McSorley's legal representatives or his team, challenged the suspension. In fact, McSorley did not attend his disciplinary hearing at the NHL's New York City headquarters where league vice-president Colin Campbell announced the decision. He gave no public explanation for his failure to appear, although sources close to him and he was advised against making any public statements while he was still under police investigation in Vancouver.

Whatever McSorley's senses are may well be his last in the NHL. The Ontario farm boy has struggled in recent years to find employment in the NHL, and his current nosiness is not likely to help his cause even with two talent-poor expansion franchises joining the league next season. And without somewhere to play, McSorley will have little chance to reduce himself in the eyes of sports fans—or in his own.

It could have been a much happier ending. McSorley is the quintessential rags-to-riches hockey player. With only modest abilities, he offered to do his team's dirty work as an enforcer, first in Pittsburgh and then, more gloriously, alongside Gretzky in Edmonton and Los Angeles. Through sheer hard work, McSorley became a solid player in the middle years of his career, playing key roles on the power-play and penalty-killing units. He would wear out trainers and assistant coaches by staying on stepping late at practice, working on passing drills or improving his fastest. Soft-spoken and articulate, he took a keen interest in the business of the sport and became a vice-president with the NHL Players' Association. He hoped to run a team someday, using what he learned from coaching hockey from the bottom up.

But along the way, things took a turn for the worse. Feeling McSorley had lost a step and was becoming less proficient as a regular defenceman, his previous employers in San Jose and then Edmonton (his second team there) began using him more in his original role, as a fighter. He didn't like the rougher responsibilities, or the assurance that he no longer had the skills to make it without fighting. Then, this season, he did not land a job after December when Boston picked him up on a one-season contract. Again, his role was to add toughness to a team in decline. So, when Bruins coach Pat Burns and the rest of the team

Tales of two hockey dads

Violence in hockey begins at the kid's level. Two Maclean's hockey parents, Executive Editor Bob Levin and Senior Writer Dave Jucha, reflect on what they've seen

Levin: The editors had just decided to do a hockey cover last week when I mentioned to my boss that, speaking of violence, I was a little concerned about my son's game that night. It was a critical moment, possibly deciding the final spot in the playoffs, and previous games against that team had been down-and-dirty affairs. While talking about 11-year-olds, what's called A-mem, A when full-body contact is both allowed and encouraged. There was no lack of that night, much of the illegal violence. Slashing, spearing, tripping, little slashers flailing up all over the rink, furious warring. Big, big shows—you could feel the game sliding out of control, the refs calling a few penalties but mostly letting the mayhem unfold. And with a couple of ticks left, my son was behind bad in the back—it didn't look like an accident—he had driven forward into the boards. The buzzer sounded, the kids were chased to their dressing rooms—our guys in the full-throated delirium of victory—and my son lay on the ice, his eyes glassy.

He's fine. Very well. He needs the doctor prescribed pain-reliefers and a couple of days' rest. The incident was given a three-game suspension. But the cycle continues, a new generation reared in the prevailing ethic, a fabled game marred by a mindless substance to the gods of rock-'em-sock-'em.

Jucha: In retrospect, the letter seems like a foolish mistake. Last October, after witnessing my 14-year-old son's team play a 40-minute game in which there were 58 minutes of penalties and three costly goals, I fired off a letter to the editor of the home town's local newspaper decrying the flagrant play. I hoped it might lead to some soul-searching among the team parents and coaches. No such luck. The next time our teams played, the kids snuck to hockey, but several parents approached me: a mother called me a "a—e," a father defended the on-ice rough stuff and another threatened to punch me in the face.

No one disputes that hockey is a physical game. But among elite-level power and brawn—the 12- to 15-year-old boys I've watched over the past three winters—players routinely smash opponents into the boards from behind and cross-check them in the face mask. Even when an opposing player is nowhere near the puck, they hook, trip, hold and slash. Respect for an opponent? Forget it. Last December, after my son's first was kicked out from under him and he left the game with his arm in excruciating pain, players on the opposing bench laughed and the goalie howled. "Go home, you faggot."

There are nights when these kids play exhilarating hockey, when the pace is lightning quick, the passing crisp and the goals pretty. Too often, though, I've witnessed penalty-filth going down, and left the risk thinking: hockey is a damned sport.

BOSTON BRUINS

No. 26 MCKINLEY, Murty
Home town: Hamilton
Born: May 18, 1963 Position: defenceman
Shoots: right Height: 6'2"
Weight: 235 lb. Years in NHL: 17
Career Games: 965 Goals: 195
Assists: 251
Total Penalty Minutes: 2,881
Highlights: Wayne Gretzky's protector for two Stanley Cup wins with Edmonton in 1987 and 1988. Traded to the L.A. Kings with Gretzky in 1988. Led the league in 1992-1993 with 209 penalty minutes. Ranks first among all-time penalty-minute leaders.



Traditionalists insist fighting is part of the game, but if that were really true, then Russians and Swedes would be good at it



holds at least two roster spots for so-called tough guys. The league insists fighting is part of the game, and that it helps discourage other dangerous fouls. All evidence to the contrary: if fighting were really an essential part of the game, then the Russians and Swedes would be good at it. And if it discouraged serious fouls, then Chicago's Gary Suter would not have ended Karpis's season with Anaheim two years ago with a cross-check to the face. And Mike Scapellato of the Atlanta Thrashers would not have crunched his elbow jarringly into the face of Colorado's star centre, Peter Forsberg, just last week. And so on. And in the McSorley case, fighting was clearly part of what led to the brutal clashing.

The NHL is left with a contradiction. It suspends players for high enraging, boarding and elbowing fouls, but it tacitly condones bone-headed fighting by levying only five-minute penalties against players who drop their gloves. In a pre-season game in 1997, Ryan Vanderhaeghe of the New York Rangers knocked Toronto's Nick Kypreos unconscious with a single punch. Kypreos, like Brashers, fell to the ice, suffered a massive concussion and was forced to retire. Kypreos was a veteran tough guy who is quite knowing the rules. But that incident demonstrated that fighting can be as dangerous as McSorley's stickwork, particularly

Doesn't playing his lucrative trade fighting can be just as dangerous to players as McSorley's stickwork

since today's enforcers are bigger and brawnier than they were a generation ago.

The league doesn't see it that way. During a conference call announcing McSorley's ban, Campbell said changing the rules on fighting was "not something we are concerned about." Market research reveals that while fans despise dangerous stickwork, a high number—too many to ask losing, apparently—like fighting. "We have not got to the point," Campbell said, "where we say fights should be illegal."

The league cannot be expected to control the actions of all its players. But if it wanted to stop the fighting, it obviously could—by suspending fighters instantly like every other major sport. Instead, it means pay pugilists handsomely: Toronto tough guy Tie Domi, for instance, makes as much as \$1.5 million a year. When the game rewards men for beating on each other's heads with bare fists, should we be surprised when fighters occasionally resort to sticks?

With Michael Sauter in Toronto



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**ONTARIO
EXPORTS**
OPENING DOORS WORLDWIDE



Dumbelly (left), Lacaporta (center) and Brown (right) were suspended for hazing at the University of Vermont. The photo above was taken during the hazing.



Brown (left) and Lacaporta (right) were suspended for hazing at the University of Vermont. The photo above was taken during the hazing.

where young boys underwent often painful rites of passage into manhood. Eric Dunning, a British sports sociologist, believes the roots of rugby hazing can be linked to the 19th-century British public schools' "ragging" system, where older boys bullied younger boys to do their bidding. American hazing, he adds, tend to be more "sadistic" than their British counterparts. "There's a social pressure to go over the top. They are an absolute test of masculinity."

Experts say sports remains one of the few preserves where punitive codes of masculinity can flourish. These traditions are often hard to stamp out, especially since even many of those who remember their experiences as brutal seem, on the other hand, so proud to have passed the test. "Men can't go out of their caves and drag a woman home by the hair anymore," says Dunning. "These rituals are more men will expose their extreme forms of masculinity."

Bryahan's study is one of the most comprehensive looks at hazing in Canada. In it, 50 Canadian male and female athletes in sports ranging from football to synchronized swimming talked about their experiences, and the practices they describe range from high jinks to criminally abusive conduct. They include blood-soaked drunken rookies bobbing for apples in toilets they think contain feces, or running relay races with paddles stuck in their buttocks. Those are the comparatively harmless pranks. But Bryahan also details the case of one hockey player who tied a bucket to his pants with a chain link and watched the pain as venetian blind cords were pulled into the bucket.

The experience can leave psychological scars. One university hockey player cried when he recalled a hazing in junior

hockey. He told Bryahan that rookies on his team were forced to stand on chairs and chug an unpalatable alcoholic concoction while the vets blew cigar smoke in their faces. The goal of the game was to get the rookies to vomit into a pail on the floor when they raised, they were forced to clean it up. "The more aggressive the sport, the more aggressive the hazing," said Bryahan, a former football and basketball player who admits he was both hazed and hazed others. "The more vicious those are again, the more athletes won't talk about it, the more it is being driven underground."

The Vermont attorney general's report, released on Feb. 3, made the *Last of the Five* crossed with the *Margaret S. Sade*. In graphic detail, it outlines how UVM players ordered new freshmen to prepare for "rookie night" by shaving their pubic hair and painting their toes and fingernails, then show up at the team captain's house wearing only shiny bikini underwear and tops. When they arrived, they were told to turn and lie face down on the bathroom floor while older players poured and spit beer on them. They were then forced to drink a strong liqueur and eat a seafood quiche, which made some of them vomit.

But the indignities did not stop there. There was a parade perhaps worse where caps of beer were strategically placed under the rookies' genitals. At another point, the freshmen players vomited again after being hauled into a closet and told to quickly drink 32 cans of beer, which had been heated to the temperature of water in a hot water heater. The rookies were also forced to parade made in an "elephant walk." At one UVM player described in "You line up in a single file and each person goes between the legs of the other person and grabs their

THE HELL OF HAZING

By Jane O'Hara

When Jean-François Caudron arrived at the University of Vermont training camp on a hockey scholarship four years ago, he was a lean rookie who played hard to prove himself to his coaches. But he knew it would take more than pinstriped pants and a lead around the net to win the respect of his teammates. Before he would be truly accepted, there was one final, brutal test he would have to pass: a rookie hazing, which in-

to do it. I didn't want to be an outsider. So I did it. But once it was over, I was so happy. I really felt part of the team."

This season, Caudron helped his teammates make the incoming crop of UVM rookies. At always, the freshmen were told to keep silent. But goalie Corey LaTulippe of Williston, Vt., refused to follow the script. After he was hauled on Oct. 2—along with three Canadian rookies—he was public and filed a \$325,000 (U.S.) civil suit against the university for emotional damage and financial loss. This created a storm of publicity and prompted an investigation by Vermont's attorney general, which last month led to the cancellation of the remainder of the UVM Catamounts' hockey season.

According to a massive study of 10,000 American college and university athletes commissioned by Alfred University of Alfred, N.Y., last year, 80 per cent of college sports are hazed. Although there has never been a similar study done in Canada, researchers say hazing is commonplace in junior hockey and Canadian college sports. "Hazing is routine, but it is really kept under wraps," said Jamie Bryahan, who wrote a master's thesis at the University of Calgary on sports hazing in 1997. "There's a one-upmanship involved. After a rookie has been hazed, he can hardly wait to do it to the next guy and he wants to do it worse than he got. The cycle just repeats itself."

Modern initiation rituals—in sports, military and fraternity settings—can be traced back to primitive societies

At universities and in junior hockey, rookies often undergo barbaric initiation rites

valued shaving his pubic hair, painting his genitals and gazing, worn beer until he vomited. Caudron was well aware that initiation rites were banned at the University of Vermont, as they are at all U.S. colleges. But from past experience in Canadian hockey, he knew there was no escaping "rookie night." Surviving it would mean he was man enough to make the squad. "It happened on every junior team I played for," said the 20-year-old Caudron, a native of St-Hubert, Que. "I knew about this night and you were nervous. You feel the pressure that you have

Taking One for the Team

• **June, 1996** Three members of Calgary's Bluelines were suspended, but the coach sent out the final two games.

• **October, 1996** McMaster University's women's hockey team was suspended for hazing after they refused to participate in the meetings.

• **November, 1993** Three members of the University of Western Ontario Mustangs football team after they refused to participate in the meetings.

• **January, 1996** Three members of the University of Western Ontario Mustangs football team after they refused to participate in the meetings.

has been an ongoing problem at the school.

• **1997** The Ontario Hockey League suspended after rookies on the Kingston Comets, an Ontario C team, are forced to strip in a team bus washroom and then made to run down the aisle while their teammates hit them around the genitals.

• **1995** Rookies on a midwest team in Joplin, Mo., are

forced to strip and watch pornography, which is part of a 10-hour initiation. They also had to spread molasses and mustard on their genitals.

• **September, 1993** Criminal charges are laid against some members of Ontario's Tishby Hawks Jr. C hockey team because of hazing activities that include drinking games, sharing of public hair and forcing people to eat inedible concoctions.

The CIAU, which oversees university sport, has no policy that specifically bans hazing

penis. And you can't break the chain. You're supposed to go wherever they tell you and keep walking like that."

Bryson Bouniak, a burly forward from Thunder Bay, Ont., was one of the UVM freshmen who was hazed. Although he refused to discuss the incident, he admitted that the activity was routine. "It's not the first time it's happened," said the 20-year-old. "It's not just the UVM that does it. It's out there. But I don't want to talk about it."

Other Canadian players maintained that this year's UVM

hazing was relatively mild compared with former initiations—but similar to what they went through in junior hockey in Canada. Benoit Lampron, now in his last year on a hockey scholarship, admitted that when he was hazed at UVM in 1996, players were stripped naked and forced to go push-ups in the freezing water of Lake Champlain—a practice that was stopped after one player suffered an aneurysmic attack. As well, there was an event called "the olive run" where freshmen were made to carry olives between their buttocks while being struck with wooden cracking spoons. Lampron admits that, on occasion, this makes the hockey players look like "perverts." But he quickly added, "This is pretty much what we do in Canada. There, it's no big deal."

Canadian sports regulators insist there is a zero-tolerance policy against hazing. But the Canadian Interuniversity Athletic Union, which oversees Canadian university sport, has no policy that specifically bans it. CIAU administrators say some universities have specific guidelines against hazing, while others have it covered in their more general anti-harassment and abuse rules. The Canadian Hockey Association, which governs amateur hockey, has a regulation against condoning or participating in hazing with a penalty of a one-year suspension. But even that is negotiable: the rule states that if the suspension causes "undue hardship" to the owner, a lesser penalty can be imposed with the approval of CHA officers.

During an interview, one Alberta hockey executive had trouble finding the hazing rule in his 365-page book of by-laws and regulations. The word hazing was not listed as a sep-

arate item, nor did it appear in the index. "It's here somewhere," said Howard Warburton, the executive director of Hockey Alberta. "But with time, I'll find it." Warburton never did locate the anti-hazing rule, but said that in his 14 years at Hockey Alberta he'd heard of only one case of hazing. "Sorry I have no dirt for you," said Warburton. "The teams are doing a better job now of ensuring it doesn't happen."

Either that or the players are doing a better job of ensuring they don't get caught. University of Calgary sociologist Kevin Young says that often coaches and administrators downplay the incidence of hazing. Young began studying the phenomenon at McMaster University in Hamilton during the mid-1980s, after he himself had been hazed while playing rugby. He says many players continue to justify degrading initiation rites because they believe they build team solidarity. Yet Young says there is almost no evidence to support that view. On the contrary, he says, hazing "is really about power hierarchies"—who's got power and who doesn't.

One thing is clear: more people who have been hazed never forget it. Former Quebec Nordiques prospect Dave Tremblay remembers his initiations with distaste. "Some

teams were mild, others were cruel," said Tremblay, who retired from professional hockey in 1993 because of an injury and now runs a Toronto hockey school called Hockey Economic. "If you get the wrong individual running them, it's like playing with a rattlesnake." In the mid-1980s, when Tremblay joined the Pickering Panthers of the Ontario Hockey Association, he and his fellow rookies were jumped in the team dressing room after practice. Bloodied and shamed, Tremblay then made him sit on a chair drenched in liquid heat Rub A-535 liniment. The active ingredient is capsaicin, derived from hot chili peppers—which burned his genitals badly. "I went home and sat in a cold bath all night," he said.

In 1987, Tremblay was hazed again when he won a scholarship to attend Clarkson University in Potsdam, N.Y. "It was all about peer pressure," he said. "If you were soft to bond with these guys and be accepted by them, you knew you were going to have to go through this." A local bar owner friendly to the club rained the keys to his place over to the veterans. In a drinking contest, Tremblay had to repeatedly crawl from one end of the bar to the other, drinking a shot of liquor at each end. "Between the vomiting and the shootings," he said, "I was a wreck." Tremblay said he suffered alcohol poisoning and was sick for three days afterwards. Still, he remembers his teammates somewhat fondly. "They came by and checked on us when it was over," he said. "They didn't just beat the crap out of us and leave us." In the barbaric business of hazing, that's cold comfort. ■



Goodreau playing Oltre Sean, felt part of the team



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ENERGUIDE



People Edited by Anthony Wilcox-Smith
(with Shanda Dwyer)

'Gooooaaaaa!'

Canadian soccer savours its biggest kick yet

Richie Hastings, 22, keeps yawning from upset to upset—worth a smile. The Prince George, B.C., native played a key role in second-round Intercontinental Challenge Togo's 3-1 win over giant Glasgow Celtic last month in Scottish FA Cup play. Then, he flew to California and, suiting up for the Canadian national team, scored the winner in a 2-1 overtime victory against Mexico in the quarter-finals of the multi-nation Gold Cup. The win by Canada, ranked 85th in the world, over 10th-ranked Mexico was called their biggest upset ever by team officials. Hastings roars his goals. "They throw everyone up in the hype they would get the goal. But we cleared it and got a breakaway. I ran up the field and got on the end of a good pass and put it away. I couldn't believe what happened. The next thing, 25 guys jumped on top of me and I got crushed." Canada went on to beat Trinidad and Tobago 1-0 that was made it champion of the CONCACAF region and guaranteed a berth in the FIFA-organized Confederations Cup next year.

Hastings' best thing, 25 guys jumped on top of me and I got crushed!

Songs of a survivor

Whether playing a vamp for photographs or showing off pictures of her children, Nita, 5, and Stella, 3, the Lemper is intoxicating. The German-born singer got her start in the original Vienna production of *Cats* in 1983. The next

year, at age 21, she joined the cabaret music of Kurt Weill—made in Berlin between the two world wars and banned by the Nazis—in a one-woman show. "I grew up in a very tight-binding, petit bourgeois world," says Lemper, 36. "Singing this repertoire was really about the anarchic thoughts I had. I had very dark and teddy bear. I like very punky."

This spring, she will release *Funkberg Kiss*, a collaborative effort with songwriters including Boris Casadei, Tom Waits, Nick Cave and Philip Glass. "All of them," she says, "with the exception of Philip, were songs with characters that are outsiders, liars, informers, losers and survivors." Easily the kind of characters that Lemper loves to play.



Lemper likes songs of 'outsiders and losers'

For Robert Crais, crime pays

Robert Crais has found success with his right mystery novels featuring Los Angeles private detective Elvis Cole—but he uses no music to send out. "It's not like the ghost of Raymond Chandler is haunting behind me with a .38, talking to me there in only one way to write an L.A. thriller," says the 46-year-old

native of Barre, Vt., with a laugh. In his newest book, *Devolution Angel*, to be published in May, Crais abandons Cole for an emotionally and physically scarred LAPD bomb squad veteran named Carol Starkey. "The cops I always found fascinating," says the writer, who has an uncle and several cousins in Louisiana police forces, "are those a little bit haunted, a little bit burned out." That describes Starkey on a T, and is the main reason Crais expects fierce competition for Starkey's role now that he has sold the film rights to producer Laurence Mark. "I kept hearing George Clooney for the main lead," says Crais, who used to write for *L.A. Law* and *Hill Street Blues* before turning to novels, "but the field is wide open for Starkey."



Crais divides after eight novels in music with his stories



Charles Gordon

Get out there and play!

2 Pianos, 4 Hands has just finished a sold-out, 2½-week run at Ottawa's National Arts Centre. This is the second time through for the play by Ted Dylczera and Richard Greenblatt, transferred now from a story about boys becoming men as they take piano lessons to girls becoming women. Four years ago, when the play opened at Toronto's Tarragon Theatre, it was a word-of-mouth hit. Now, people are ready for it and it draws large and appreciative crowds.

Audiences in the capital, like audiences across the country, chuckled and nodded at Shan Saunders and Karen Woodridge in the lead roles, at the play's evocation of the joys and sorrows of piano lessons. Those who have not been subjected to music lessons still responded to the larger themes of the play—you can only go so far on talent; you can only go so far without it, for even the talented there is a moment when you are forced to recognize that you are not good enough, that you will have to settle for being the best in the neighbourhood instead of the best in the world; and, finally, there is nothing wrong with that.

It was obvious from the Ottawa audience's response that the play brought back emotions from their childhood struggles with the 88 keys. Less clear was how many in the crowd were facing similar struggles in the here and now, taking piano lessons as grown-ups. More than a few, in a good place, although not every adult now studying the instrument may be willing to admit his or her difficulties with *My Little Book of Grown-up* and other such musical wartime devices.

You can find for these entwined with the musical case of these teenage beginners, having to endure the fumbleheads of their teachers, without even the compensation of their pupils being cute. At the same time, isn't it encouraging that people are actually doing something to amuse themselves, instead of sitting home and watching TV?

Here is what we can hope will be one of the differences between this decade and the one that preceded it—that more people, however charitably, are participating in the arts. Music is one obvious field. People are taking lessons, going to blues camp and jazz camp and classical camp, forming string quartets, jazz combos and rock groups. Amateur theatre continues to draw both dedicated participants and devoted audiences. There is serious competition for places in theatre schools. Reading groups proliferate and so do writing groups. The number of freelance writers continues to increase. Visiting authors in whatever city draw a crowd.

Meanwhile in cyberspace, artists strut their stuff, the established using the Internet to promote and sell their work.

Charles Gordon is a columnist with The Ottawa Citizen.

while would be afraid put up their writing, their photography, their music, both for the sheer pleasure of doing so and in the hope of attracting an audience. Perhaps because of the aging of the baby boom, perhaps because of the pressures of modern life, more people are trying to express themselves in ways that have nothing to do with their jobs.

There are dangers in this wave of participation, probably. Or at least some will say that there are. They will bemoan the lowering of standards. They will say, as some of the teachers portrayed in *2 Pianos, 4 Hands* did, that you, with your awkward fingering and questionable work ethic, should get out of the way, leave it to the professionals and avoid discrediting the music. The same goes for you, with your primitive vocabulary, your limited range, or your rather odd sense of perspective. What business do you have writing, or singing, or painting? Shouldn't you be stopping aside to leave room for the folks with the real talent?

Well, there's no law that says you have to. In fact, a cure can be made that you're serving your country by ending with it. At the very least, the people who participate, who dabble in writing or painting or take pictures or hack around on a musical instrument in their spare time also make up an interested audience, an informed and growing audience, for the people who try to make a living in the arts in Canada.

Beyond that, they are helping to reverse one of the worst trends of the last century, the phenomena of encroaching. Fearful of crime, or pollution, or traffic, we North Americans seem to be hunkering down forever in our rec rooms, the experts tell us, watching reruns of movies on better and bigger screens, ready to purchase the latest digital, interactive thingamajigs that came on the market—anything that would help us avoid the necessity of leaving the outside world. It hasn't worked out that way.

We are doing things—taking music lessons, playing pickup hockey, learning ballroom dancing, art or music taking our children to this activity or that. It is not that the rec rooms are completely empty yet, and it is not that a complete reversal of the encroaching trend will be easy. The screens and arenas are full of noise offering bad television, surround sound, VCRs and DVDs. The Internet, in addition to offering more opportunities to participate, also offers more incentives to stay home everyday. But it is possible that we have come, finally, to believe that the world outside is as enticing as it is portrayed on television. Instead we are becoming the victims that those crime is shrinking.

Hopefully, eventually we step out the front door into the outside world, carrying our piano music, our poems, our hockey bag. Our watchword: more pianos, more hands.

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Films

Rumours of redemption

Wayward souls in two movies undergo tests of faith

By Brian D. Johnson

A Hollywood backlash against shooting movies in Canada has been cited as one reason that *The Hurricane* was all but shut out of the Oscar race. To the thousands of American Academy members worried about losing jobs as Canadian film crews, the symbolism of seeing a band of heroes (Canada) rescue a black American from prison must have been galling. But when the CN Tower pops up in *The Hurricane*, at least there's a reason for it: Toronto is part of the story. In *A Map of the World* and *The Third Miracle*, the city is just a low-cost location. Both are modest, middle-brow movies based on American novels, both are set in and around Chicago—and both were filmed in and around Toronto.

The location is not obvious in

A Map of the World. But *The Third Miracle* has a scene shot in front of Toronto City Hall in which the Aveler, Henry Moore's famous sculpture, serves as a prominent centerpiece. Does no one care that millions of potential movie-goers in Canada will potentially be reminded that they're not in Chicago? The equivalent would be to frame a scene in front of Chicago's Sears Tower and try to pass it off as a Toronto-office building. Shooting *diabolically* as an act of faith does needs all the help it can get. And, considering, *A Map of the World* and *The Third Miracle* are both dramas about faith, about characters who have lost it and are trying to get it back.

Based on Jane Hamilton's best-seller, *A Map of the World* is a conventional but engaging family drama, warning Signe Weaver as Alice Goodwin, a farm mother and school nurse who suffers a



Worrier in *A Map of the World*, a jaded mother comes apart and puts herself back together

double calamity. First, while she's babysitting her friends' two small children, one of their wanderers off and drowns in the family pond. A few days later, with Alice consumed by depression and guilt, the police show up to arrest her on rumormongering charges of sexually abusing a young boy at the school where she works. Getting thrown in jail makes Alice strangely giddy. She's happy to be locked up even if it's for something she didn't do. And as Alice swims out behind bars, she comes out working mother finally has some sense for herself. Time to read books, time to have a serious breakdown, time to get real with some tough young black chicks.—Moon Zappa

Plunging from prickly to vulnerable, Signe Weaver is impressive in a role that allows her more range than usual. And it's refreshing to see a 50-year-old ac-

Films

trous appear blatantly ruled, emotionally and physically. But as Alice powers her way to a fully redemption, the movie to overblow the other characters. David Scarbair soldiers through an understated role as the weak husband; there is never quite enough of Johnnie Moore as Thomas, the mother of the drowned daughter who takes him under her wing; and Chloë Sevigny hardly has a speaking part as the slutty parent who files the abuse charge. Making the finance debut of stage director Scott Elford, *A Map of the World* allows Weaver to reign over uncharted terrain as a woman under suspicion of being a "bad mother," but the world that surrounds her seems to have been drawn on a different scale.

In *The Third Miracle*, a more experienced filmmaker, Poland's Agnieszka Holland (*Empire, Europe*), director Ed Harris in the role of a lauded priest who undergoes a test of faith. He plays Father Frank, a sensual devotee who is lured by the Roman Catholic Church to investigate alleged miracles. Assigned to check out the prospective sainthood of a deceased immigrant in Chicago (Barbara Sukow) contacted to a source of the virgin that weeps blood, he falls in love with the woman's no-nonsense daughter (Anne Heche).

Based on the novel by Richard Verne, *The Third Miracle* is grounded in some frustrating details of Roman Catholic politics. We learn the arcane logistics of canonization. And the story proceeds as a whodunit, clanking in a kind of courtroom drama that features a stream of papalistic clichés in red robes, with Agnieszka Holland as a European archbishop who plays the devil's advocate.

The religion has its points of interest, but the movie, as played out between Harris and Heche, feels bogus. Unlike other films about the struggle between love and faith—from *Pieris* to *The End of the Affair*—this one offers no comfort. Besides, for a Canadian, it's hard to worry about the authenticity of a statue building's look when the next minute you're looking at a Toronto skyline that, by some miracle, has ended up in Chicago. □

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MacMaster deconstructs tradition but is also probing the bounds of Celtic music by playing with artists in other genres

She has brought it on herself. Not only is she a prodigiously talented fiddler, but owning the marriage to combine fashion-runway flash with an endearing down-home style that appeals to all kinds of audiences. "In cross-commercial terms, she has the whole package," says Maria Mitrakis, a Toronto-based music journalist and author. "She has the potential to become the world's next big Celtic act."

The East Coast music scene needs a new champion. The talent pool is so deep to even—a fact underscored by the roster of artists appearing on the *New Scotia Kitchen Party*, CBC Radio's new national Sunday afternoon musical variety show broadcast from Halifax (page 61). But commercial tastes have shifted, causing the musical wave that made groups like The Rankin Family of Mahoon, N.S., rich and famous throughout the 1990s to subside. "We're no longer the flavor of the month," says Sherry Jones, who manages a number of Halifax-based Celtic and alternative acts. Last November, the Rankins, who had sold two million records, split up. Lastly, there's been a spate of even worse news—the bleak death of John Morris Rankin in a car accident on Jan. 16 and the bizarre behavior of Ashley MacIsaac, the punk fiddler from Cansimish, N.S., with the penchant for dyed hair and crack cocaine.

MacMaster's ascent could not have come at a better time. The third child of a retail-pulp-mill worker and a Sears outer clerk, she has the right lineage—her uncle, Buddy MacMaster, is the acknowledged dean of traditional Cape Breton fiddlers. She was just 9 when she received her first fiddle from another uncle living in the United States and began serving her apprenticeship in kitchens and church halls around the island. By 16, she was a seasoned performer who used part of her concert earnings to make her first album. Four

years later, she had two more recordings under her belt, but was unsure enough about her future that she enrolled in the Nova Scotia Teacher's College in Truro in case music failed to pan out (she graduated in 1997). The doubts disappeared in 1996 when Warner Music Canada signed a distribution deal and produced *No Boundaries*, her first recording for a major label. "There's always been a strategy, but not so much of a strategy as it appears," MacMaster says of her career path. "We've tried to approach things step-by-step. But a lot of things have just fallen into place."

Not without some stunts will go with the sweet demeanor MacMaster knows due to on the cusp of something big. But, she declares, "I'm not going to try to be something. I'm not comfortable with." That means not using sex to sell her music videos and concerts. And, despite advice from marketing executives to lose her island accent, she still sounds unmistakably like someone from Cape Breton. Her latest CD, *In My Hands*, which features Toronto-based flamenco guitarist Jean Cooke and American bluegrass star Alison Krauss, pushes the boundaries of Cape Breton music into new territory. Near time MacMaster escapes the recording booth, she wants to return to her roots with an album of traditional Celtic jigs and reels—even though the songbook hopes to add an album backed by a symphony and a collection of duets with other performers to her list of recordings.

Finding time for all her grand plans is the problem. Known for her backbreaking touring schedule, MacMaster plans to spend the bulk of this year on the road, pushing the new album in the United States. Her personal life suffers from the grueling pace: she has no boyfriend, no time for hobbies and can hardly remember what her small Halifax apartment looks like. But what's the complaint? "I still know when the phone will stop ringing," she says. "So, how is it right now and I'm going with it?" ■

Sweetness and light on a fiddle

Cape Breton's Natalie MacMaster combines virtuosity with fashion-runway flash and an endearing down-home style

By John DeMott

Cape Breton fiddling virtuoso Natalie MacMaster wasn't it known that she's no goodly two-shots. Sure, she goes to mass every week and calls her mom back in tiny Tryn, N.S., every couple of days—no matter whether she's touring in Europe or cutting an album in Toronto. But MacMaster has her demons too. When posed by an interviewer for details, Canada's Celtic darling hems and haws, then comes right out with the awful truth. The 27-year-old gets impatient when driving behind someone slow. Sometimes, she says things she doesn't really mean to people she cares about. Occasionally, she gets a little weary of having to do her trademark scowling while playing the fiddle. MacMaster, who, up close, has a flawless complexion to go with her cascading blond curls,

even used to pick the skin around her canines until her fingers bled. "But I stopped that at Christmas," she says. "It was so gross—I'd be signing autographs and my fingering hands would be bleeding. So no more."

It may have seemed, with the headline-grabbing antics of Ashley MacIsaac, that gifted Cape Breton fiddlers had to have a dark side. But MacMaster is doing just fine as the embodiment of sweetness and light. These days, she's everywhere—touring Canada, flogging Tim Hortons doughnuts, performing at the Juno Awards in Toronto on March 12, and co-hosting the recent East Coast Music Awards in Sydney, N.S., where she won the prize for female artist of the year and 2000's traditional artist of the year. If she is big in Canada, MacMaster is even bigger in other countries, where the cities are entranced and her tunes sell out. MacMaster's latest album, *In My Hands*, which has sold a respectable 40,000 copies north of the border since its release there in October, is getting airplay on some 50 American radio stations. Recently, she was invited to open for the chain-rapping Dixie Chicks on their North American tour. "I don't even like to look at my stinkiness," MacMaster says over a breakfast of eggs, beans and home fries in Halifax. "It's just more overwhelming."

Following in Celtic footsteps

It used to be a lot easier to become the Next Big Thing on the Celtic music scene.

Back in the 1990s, once company account formerly based backwoods farm dances looking for talent to suit a huge consumer appetite for the East Coast sound. Now, "the days of the million-dollar record deal are gone," concedes Clap Sutherland, president of Tidewater Music and Distribution, the region's major independent record distributor and former manager of the Rankins. Meanwhile, in addition to established acts still waiting for their big break (though—some say to Newfoundland's Great Big Sea, Cape Breton's The Barrs MacNeil and Gaelic songstress Mary Jane Lamond—there are a number of newcomers aspir-

ing to become the next Rankins, Natalie MacMaster or Ashley MacIsaac). Some say the next Celtic act will be P.E.I. fiddle demon Richard Wood who, at just 21, has strummed his stuff for visiting heads of state and recently released his fifth album Newfoundland road trip. The Ennis Sisters, a winning folk trio with sweet folk and pop harmonies. And industry watchers have high expectations for The Rabbits, five hard-driving Newfoundlanders led by the booming voice of D'Arcy Roadside, one of the co-founders of island legends The Irish Descendants. Cape Breton, always the region's musical mecca, continues to overflow with fresh talent. Kik, a high-octane Celtic rock group

based there, snagged two East Coast Music Award nominations last month, even though the quartet has been together for just two years. Sláinte Mhór (the Gaelic equivalent of "cheers," pronounced "slawn cha va") started in 1995 when The Barrs MacNeil added their two younger brothers to just together as an act to open for their Sláinte Mhór gigs on to make a strong impression with their mix of Celtic and Afro-Cuban sounds. Over on the Nova Scotia mainland, a group of Halifax Celtic rockers called Cúilín seems to have promise. Together just six weeks, they are already on a three-month U.S. tour. Says the group's manager, Sherry Jones: "There's still just so much talent bubbling in this place."

J.D.

A night of musical highs—and fashion lows

Sure, some people tuned into the *Grammy Awards* last week to see which musicians were winning what. But many watched to see who was wearing what. The premier music award show is the perfect prime-time event to make a fashion statement—and for some it was. "I need a style, quick."

The first to reveal her fashion sense, literally, was Latin actress-singer **Jennifer Lopez**, who wore a green Versace dress cut to the navel. "It looks like the front of her dress got stuck in the limo door and left behind," says **Lisa Tinn**, the beauty and fashion editor at *ChloeLaine*. "Jennifer has single-handedly made double-sided tape the best accessory in



L.A." (Lisa Tinn) **Britney Spears** wore a jewel-encrusted jumpsuit that made her "look like a sparkly teddybear," says Tinn, laughing.

Canadian artist **David Byrne** both dressed and acted wise. Singer-songwriter **Sarah McLachlan** won the award for best female pop vocalist. She wore a dramatic simple dress and a matching wrap that, says Tinn, "was terrific but boring. She's a sis, so it's up a bit." Pianist **Diana Krall** accepted the best jazz vocal performance prize wearing a pair of sunglasses—inside, as right. "That shows that someone is trying too hard to be cool," says Tinn. **Sheryl Crow**, who raised eyebrows last year with her minuscule black dress and thigh-high boots, won her female country performance and best country song for *Come On Over*. The country diva, who is known for wearing midriff-baring tops, didn't attend the show and performer **Clay Aiken** and it was because she was at home, "having her belly wadded."

But even wearing a plain black suit, **Carlos Santana** still managed to combine all the other senses. The Mexican-born guitarist was eight times, including best album for *Supermassive*, tying **Michael Jackson's** 1983 record of winning the most Grammys in one night

CD Releases

A selection of CDs due for March releases:

BLOOD RED CHERRY

(Universal Canada)

Janet Arden
On her fourth CD, Arden has written songs that showcase her wit and her powerful vocal style.



Arden: her lyrics reflect her wit

THE MILLION DOLLAR HOTEL SOUNDTRACK

(Universal Island Records)

Various Artists

The sound track to the Wim Wenders film includes *The Sound beneath Her Feet*, performed by UB40 and featuring lyrics by author Salman Rushdie.

GET ME SOME (For)

The Jeff Healey Band

The first album from the Toronto-based band, led by blind guitar virtuoso and singer Jeff Healey, in five years.

THE LAST HURRAH (For)

Shirley Eklund

New compositions from the renowned Canadian singer-songwriter with the smoky vocals.

BACH-GOLDBERG VARIATIONS

(Hyperion)

Angela Hewitt

Ottawa native Hewitt was called the "Best pianist ever excellence" by the Sunday Times of London last year.



Conger, Rowell (below): upstart

Untying the knot

It didn't require a psychic to predict that Rick Rowell and Doreen Conger's marriage wouldn't be a full-on-death-to-the-party proposition. Conger, a 34-year-old nurse from Thousand Oaks, Calif., wed Rowell, 43, a supposed anal-retentive, after he had uttered only one sentence to her: "Will you marry me?" They tied the knot in front of 22 million viewers, making Fox-TV's Feb. 15 special *Who's in Marry a Male Millionaire?*'s



runaway success. But one week after her honeymoon, Conger is a runaway bride. Shortly after the couple left for their Caribbean cruise honeymoon, things started falling apart. Back in the United States, people who knew Rowell, a contractor who said he'd made his fortune in real estate investments, questioned how rich he was. Then, an online news service dug up a 1991 restraining order filed against him by a former fiancée claiming Rowell had hit her and threatened to kill her. Meanwhile, things were chilly on the cruise. Sleeping in a separate room, Conger says it took 36 hours for her to tell Rowell it wouldn't work. "The truth is I was very uncomfortable around him," she said.

Last week, Conger was doing the U.S. talk-show circuit, explaining the worst about her marriage only because it was "a TV show." Conger also stated she was getting an annulment—but the self-described "person of integrity" was going to keep the car, \$50,000 ring and other gifts provided by the network.

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12:30 p.m. Atlantic time on ATV

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Art

A playful exhibit

Guthrie Falk doesn't have a problem comparing art images for her artwork. When she struts near her Vancouver home, an idea will just go "boing" in her head, she says. A retrospective of 72-year-old Falk's work at the Vancouver Art Gallery showcases her playful treatment of such everyday objects as fruit, shoes, chairs and clothing, including paintings, ceramics and paper-mâché.

occasion, the show runs at the VAG until June 11 and then tours the country.

Falk's route to becoming an artist was unusual. Born in Alexander, Minn., the left high school early, completing it at night, to work at a warehouse and help support her family. Falk moved to Vancouver in 1947 and taught elementary school for 13 years. But in 1965, at 37, she committed herself to art full time. Three years later, a witty



30 Grapefruit: the quirky ceramic journeyed a part of the retrospective

installation called *Home Envisagement*—a family room complete with dashboard, television and TV dinners—caught the art world's attention. It is part of the retrospective, as is Falk's famous series of ceramic fruit from the 1970s.

The show concludes with her latest work, two child-sized paper-mâché dresses and two large-scale acrylic paintings. They prove that Guthrie Falk is in full artistic flower.

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4. **LAUGHTER OF MY FATHER** (D) 7
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8. **THE LAST THING HE SAW** (D) 11
9. **THE LAST THING HE SAW** (D) 12
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Nonfiction

1. **THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY** (D) 4
2. **THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY** (D) 5
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10. **THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY** (D) 13

Compiled by Bruce Heston

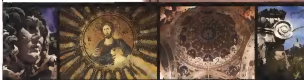
A dark history

Can a 19th-century prison—particularly one that seems to have been systematically managed over the whole of its riot-filled history—serve any useful purpose in the 21st century? That is the burning question behind *Canada's Big House* (Dundurn Press), Peter Hennessy's study of the 165-year-old federal penitentiary in Kingston, Ont. Soon after its founding in 1835, the prison abandoned its original ideal of rehabilitation through penance to become a strictly punitive regime. Despite decades of sporadic violence and reform initiatives, the prison remains in dysfunctional as ever, writes the author, a retired professor of education at Kingston's Queen's University who believes only greater civilian control can begin to remedy the situation.



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Allan Fotheringham

Blame us, not them

Your humble agent, by now a world expert on South America, happened to be in Lima in January when Lloyd Awerforth landed in neighbouring Colombia. A scheduled session with the Canadian ambassador in Lima had to be cancelled when the envoy was ordered to fly north across the border to ride shotgun with our puffed-up foreign-affairs ministers.

Ottawa's expedition to Colombia was, unusually, yet another bureaucratic palaver over the problem of drugs. Most promises of action, of policing, of cracking down on smuggling—all those familiar promises that have done nothing to stop the illegal flow of drugs from that impoverished country that also has been in a vicious civil war for some 40 years.

Columbia, high in the Andes with Venezuela on its right and the Panama Canal just off to the left, produces 80 per cent of the world's cocaine and some two-thirds of the heroin consumed in the United States. Canada, of course, gets the actual overflow. Hence Goody Two-shoes Austerity, with the usual pious lectures on good and evil.

Bill Clinton, speaking of hypocrisy, has just announced a \$1.9-billion plan to help Colombia—including \$1.4 billion in "security assistance" from Washington. It can be predicted: booming trade in cocaine will go on just, there will always be a product.

Let us remember the Brits who in yesteryears forced an opium war on the Chinese.

There are certain philosophers (never to be found in this space, for certain) who point out that Washington's polioctious with their alle billions to toss at the world's problem, miss the point.

Look at the real problem the market. If it dries up, those desperate peasants up in the mountains of Colombia where their rivers flow into the mighty Amazon will have to turn to corn or wheat or some other crop not so profitable.

What is there in the social and cultural values of the richest and most powerful nation in history that requires a steady supply—an avalanche—of illegal drugs? The inner cities of America's largest cities are and cesspools of anger and despair—the very incubator of all these National Football League players now in an embarrassing number for race and

about and murder and general shaggy (What is Mary McCormack's excuse?)

There are those among the poor South American countries who feel the United States is the greatest blind hypocrite of all. Its officials apparently have the need, and the money, to pay outrageous sums to the drug dealers and smugglers and bandits who can outwit—quite obviously—all the border and customs controls that Clinton can buy. Why not look at the real problems—at home?

Any cop in Moose Jaw can tell you that any teenager in his city, if it so happens, knows where he can buy some drug thrill for the weekend use. The problem is not in Colombia, the problem is right here.

In North America, there are—according to the stats—millions of people who have an addiction problem. It is called alcohol. They are called alcoholics. Does Washington, or Ottawa, call for sanctions against Scotland to stop shipping that terrible whiskey across the sea? Have we heard of it yet?

This brings us back to the Battle of Seattle. The growers of the World Trade Organization, in the isolation of Geneva, had apparently never heard of the Internet. If they had, they wouldn't have been surprised at the results.

50,000 demonstrators appearing on that crowded city's streets—40 busloads from Vancouver alone. The invitations had been meeting across cyberspace for two years.

But it wasn't masked anarchists smashing the windows of Starbucks—despite the easy TV images—that caused the WTO talks to fail. They collapsed because Third World countries were fed up with the healthy and wealthy developed nations lecturing them on how to conduct their business and their economies.

There was Clinton (that great moral arbiter) trying for AFL-CIO support for his bid. McMahon—Al Gore—by clearing such as Bangladesh for running on Nike basketball shoes at 75 cents per hour invested labor. The world's least-developed countries, numbering almost 50, killed the WTO talks because they are tired of charity (i.e. capitalist) lectures.

It's why some philosophers (not here) could argue that the drug problem is not in Colombia. The fault, dear Brutas, is not in our stars, but in ourselves. To coin a phrase:



How can you tell that any manager in his class, if it so happens, knows where he can buy some drug thrill for the weekend use. The problem is not in Colombia, the problem is right here.

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